The Outlook

Vol. 68 June 1, 1901 No. 5

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Supreme Court Decision........... 231
The South Carolina Senators........... 231
A Railroad Blocks Competition.......... 232
The New Tammany's Methods.......... 232
A Practicable Single-Tax Proposal...... 233
Pending Strikes...................... 234
Trusts as Investments.................. 234
West Point Insubordination 236
The Canteen.......................... 236
Cubans and the Platt Amendment....... 237
Moral Conditions in Manila............. 237
The Inter-Oceanic Canal................ 238
The Bach Festival..................... 239
Arabi Pasha.......................... 239
Baptist and Unitarian Anniversaries.... 239
A Greco-Russian Church............... 240

EDITORIALS:

From Taku to Taku.................... 241
The Colleges and the Professions........ 242
Tragedies of the Pure.................. 243
The Spectator........................ 244
The Presbyterian General Assembly (Editorial Correspondence).............. 246

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Cup Defender...................... 249
The American Country Club............ 253
By Gustave Kobbé
Poem: Room.......................... 266
By Henry Johnstone
A Reverie of Gardens.................. 267
By L. H. Bailey
The Making of an American.—VII. Elisabeth Tells Her Story................. 277
By Jacob A. Riis
The First Harvard-Yale Regatta (1852).. 286
By James M. Whiton
Major-General A. R. Chaffee........... 290
Chickens, Pigs, and People............. 291
By Booker T. Washington
Poem: Apart.......................... 300
By Mabel Earle
The Forester and His Work............ 301
By Philip W. Ayres
Poem: A Summer Morning............ 311
By James Ravenscroft
The Rights of Man.—IX. Religious Rights 312
By Lyman Abbott
BOOKS OF THE WEEK................ 319
CORRESPONDENCE.................... 323

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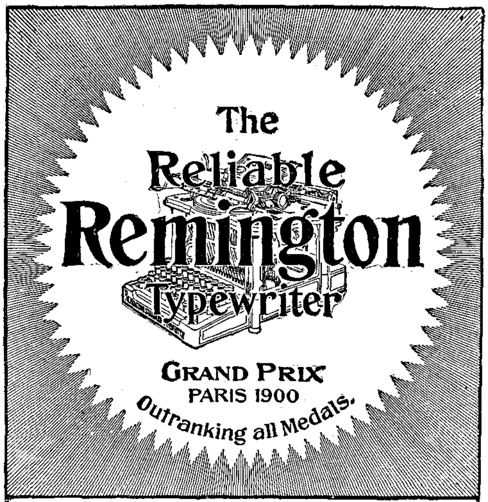

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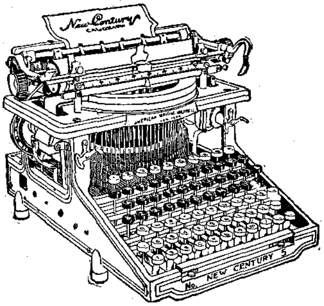

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The Supreme Court Decision

As we go to press a decision of the Supreme Court in the Insular cases is announced, but not enough of the opinions is reported to enable us to comment upon them at all adequately. According to the inadequate reports, the Court appears to hold that at the time the duties were collected, Porto Rico had ceased to be a foreign country, and duties could not be levied upon imports coming from it under *prior* tariff laws; but that, although the Supreme Court held it to be a territory of the United States, this fact did not entitle it to claim the privilege afforded to the States of the Union by the clause of the Constitution providing that "all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," and that therefore the Foraker act levying duties upon goods imported from Porto Rico into the United States is not inconsistent or unconstitutional. This appears to support the view which The Outlook has from the beginning taken, that territory acquired by war or by purchase is not entitled to claim the special privileges conferred by the Constitution on the States which constitute the Union. The Court is divided nearly equally—four to five; but, fortunately, neither on sectional nor on political lines. The opinion of the majority was declared by Justice Brown, of Michigan, and was agreed in by Justices McKenna, of California, Shiras, of Pennsylvania, Gray, of Massachusetts, and White, of Louisiana. The dissidents were Justices Brewer, of Kansas, Harlan, of Kentucky, Peckham, of New York, and Fuller, of Illinois. Politically, four Republicans and one Democrat took the view that the Constitution does not of itself extend over the newly acquired territory of the United States; two Republicans and two Democrats took the opposite view. It might perhaps be said that the Republican judges stood two to one in favor of what may be called the liberal or broad construction of the Constitution, while the Democratic judges stood two to one in favor of what may be called the strict construction. We shall give to our readers next week a fuller account of and comment upon the decision and opinions of the Court.

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The South Carolina Senators Resign

The conflict in South Carolina between the "conservative" Democracy, represented by Senator McLaurin, and the "radical" Democracy, represented by Senator Tillman, has been brought to a crisis by the resignation of both these leaders from their seats in the Senate and the submission of the question at issue to the Democratic primaries called to name their successors. On Wednesday of last week Senator McLaurin addressed a large and representative audience at Greenfield in defense of his support of Republican foreign and domestic policies. The silver issue, he said, had been buried by the enormous expansion of the currency through the new gold discoveries, and the Republican position on the other important National questions—Oriental expansion, protection to manufactures, and subsidies to shipping—were the policies demanded by the commercial interests of a cotton-growing and cotton-manufacturing State. He disclaimed being a Republican on race or sectional issues, but paid a high tribute to the character of President McKinley, which was received with warm applause, and he proclaimed that his own course in recognizing President McKinley's desire to appoint office-holders acceptable to the white people had "broken up negro government and carpetbagism in South Carolina." This defense of his own course was supplemented by some sharp criticisms of Senator Tillman, and when on Saturday the two men were scheduled to speak in the same town of Gaffney, a joint debate was arranged. In his opening speech Mr. McLaurin charged Mr. Tillman with being more of a Republican than himself on the issue vital to the South, and recalled Senator Tillman's support of Senator Teller for President, though Senator Teller advocated political equality for negroes. Senator Tillman in his reply taunted his colleague with weakness, vacillation, and plagiarism, and declared that his colleague's course in supporting subsidies and imperialism was a betrayal of the Democrats of South Carolina who had trusted him to represent them. Senator Tillman demanded that Senator McLaurin should resign and ask for re-election if he thought his constituency supported him, and Senator McLaurin met this demand by offering to resign if Senator Tillman would do the same. The offer was promptly accepted, and the resignations were forwarded to the Governor that night. The resignations take effect on September 15, and the election to fill the vacancies will probably be held in November. The campaign, however, of necessity begins at once.

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A Railroad Blocks Competition The State of Connecticut is considerably stirred by the manner in which the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, or "Consolidated," road has prevented one of its smaller rivals from building an extension by which to secure a new outlet for its traffic. The little rival is the Connecticut Western, which wishes to extend its line from Tariffville, Conn., to Springfield, Mass., where it would connect with the Boston and Albany. The projected extension is not more than fifteen miles in length, and all of it has been built except three hundred and thirteen feet. These three hundred and thirteen feet are over a farm controlled by the Consolidated, which refuses to sell the right of way. If individuals were allowed to block railways in this way, it would be practically impossible for any straight road to be built, and the Connecticut Western appealed to the Connecticut Legislature for the customary power to get the desired right of way by condemnation proceedings. When the Legislature met, the sentiment of the Legislature as well as of the public was overwhelmingly in favor of granting the Connecticut Western's appeal; but soon it was found that the Consolidated railway was using all the power it possessed to prevent its rival from building the extension. The charges of corruption brought against the Consolidated road are unusually bold and definite. Not only, it is stated, were newspapers all over the State supplied with paid reading matter against the extension, but merchants were offered concessions if they would support the great road in its fight against the little one. When the bill came up in the House, one of the members charged that bribery had been used in the Legislature to defeat the extension. The House passed the extension bill by a small majority, but in the Senate the bill was defeated by a vote of fifteen to nine. The Senators who thus voted against an improvement demanded by nearly all the people of northwestern Connecticut were in the main the representatives of other sections, but they attempted to excuse their action on the ground that the people of northwestern Connecticut would not really be much benefited by the proposed extension, as the weaker road doubtless wished to complete its system so as to sell out to the stronger at a higher price. These excuses do not excuse, in the eyes of the people who wished another road connecting them with the East, nor in the eyes of the disinterested public. The Springfield "Republican," we are glad to see, reports that the officers of the Connecticut Western are determined to complete their extension even if they must build their road around the farm owned by the "Consolidated" instead of across it. "To build around," says the "Republican," "will be expensive and will make a bad twist in the road, but the crook will not be without its compensations. It will serve as a perpetual monument to the subserviency of Connecticut authority to the Consolidated road."

❀

The New Tammany's Methods Several years ago, when official complicity with vice was so clearly proven against Tammany Hall by Dr. Parkhurst, a New York lawyer wittily congratulated the reformers that the new Tammany methods were not to be compared with the old, inasmuch as Tweed and his colleagues took money directly from the taxpayers, while Croker and his colleagues take only it "from the criminal classes—their own friends." Unfortunately, the distinction is too optimistic; taxpayers are still victims of official corruption. The New York "Evening Post" accomplished a notable public service last week by publishing a signed article by Mr. Franklin Matthews, describing in great detail and with genuine impressiveness the manner in which the city is defrauded in the purchasing of public supplies, and giving the methods of specific transactions. Among the charges brought is that the boasted Fire Department insists upon the employment of a Tammany middleman—a friend of the Commissioner—in making its purchases. In substantiation of this charge, details are published respecting the rejection of hose offered to the Department at seventy-five cents a foot and the subsequent purchase of the same hose at one dollar a foot on condition that the twenty-five cents extra go to the Tammany middleman. In the Department of Public Buildings, Lighting, and Supplies, a similar unofficial public agent seems to furnish all the safes, and details are given respecting the sale of a new safe to the city for $500, when the manufacturer's price-list called for only $395, with a commission of twenty-five per cent. for cash orders, and the sale of second-hand safes at prices still more exorbitant. In many cases Comptroller Coler protested against the payment of these claims, but his hands were tied by the law, and when he "sent a bill to the Legislature giving him power to cut down bills to the established market prices, some mysterious influence killed it." Other evidences of extravagance are given in the management of public baths, the employment of private secretaries, etc. The exposure ought to produce a public awakening, and help in the work of expelling from power the men responsible for the evils. It is not enough to say that other officials may do as badly. Every set of officials will be tempted to do as badly as the public will tolerate, and it devolves upon the public to show that it will not tolerate plundering.

A Practicable Single-Tax Proposal

Rarely does a conference agree upon a resolution so important as that adopted by the National Conference on Taxation assembled at Buffalo last week under the call of the National Civic Federation. The resolution is hard reading, but is well worth the effort its examination may cost:

> *Resolved*, That this Conference recommends to the States the recognition and enforcement of the principles of inter-State comity in taxation. These principles require that the same property should not be taxed at the same time by two State jurisdictions, and to this end that, if the title deeds or other paper evidences of the ownership of property, or of an interest in property, are taxed, they shall be taxed at the situs of the property and not elsewhere.

Put in simpler form, the demands are these:

> 1. That property shall be taxed once and only once.
> 2. That it shall be taxed where the property lies, and not where the owner will be tempted to lie.

It is in this way that real estate is now taxed. No State attempts to tax real estate located beyond its borders. There was a time, it is said, when some of the towns in Massachusetts attempted to tax their residents upon real estate located in other towns, but the attempt was abandoned because it involved either double taxation or perjury. The attempt to tax personalty located beyond the borders of the State involves the same evils. If enforced, it means double taxation; if unenforced, it means perjury. The evils of double taxation and double dealing would alike be abolished if each State taxed once and only once the property within its own borders, and abandoned the disgraceful attempt to tax property located in other States. This attempt does not produce revenue; it simply produces dishonesty. The recent successful efforts to reach corporate personalty, through the taxation of franchises in New York, or through the taxation of railroads on the market value of their securities in Indiana and Michigan, have proceeded upon the lines here recommended. The property of the corporations is taxed where it yields its revenue, and the amount of the tax is deducted from the owner's income, no matter where he may live or how ready he may be to prevaricate. The same principle has long been applied to the taxation of banks, and is being more and more widely applied to the taxation of mortgages. Every intangible security of value represents tangible property somewhere, and the property should be taxed in the State where it exists, and not in the State where the intangible security happens to be held. In short, let personalty be treated exactly as we treat realty. Let every State tax all the property within its own borders, but put an end to the injustice or inanity of attempting to tax property under the jurisdiction and protection of another State.

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The Pending Strikes Though "May Day" was not marked this year by the inauguration of any great strikes, such as made the day famous as a strike anniversary a decade ago, the month of May has been none the less notable for an epidemic of strikes in all parts of the country. The machinists' strike is the only one of a National character, and in this the unions seem to be winning their demand for a nine-hour day without reduction of wages. In many places the employers grant this demand without consenting to sign the agreement asked by the union, and the officers of the latter seem to have waived this "technicality," as they term it. The machinists employed in railroad shops, to the number of nearly forty thousand, have not taken part in the present strike for the nine-hour day, except where local organizations have precipitated the struggle. The international organization did not consider it good policy to call out the railroad machinists. "It is a poor general," said President O'Connell, "who calls into action all his men for one engagement. The railroad machinists do not compete with those working in other lines, and can support the strikers while they are out. . . . The time of the railroad men will come this summer." The local strikes in all parts of the country cannot be described, partly because of their number and partly because of the difficulty of getting the statement of both sides, to say nothing of the further difficulty of passing upon the conflicting claims. An illustration of the importance of this last difficulty will be found on our page of Correspondence, where we print side by side the statements sent to us by representatives of the Albany street-car company and their striking employees. An examination of these two statements will be found of exceptional interest to all students of labor problems.

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Trusts as Investments The striking symposium on Trusts in the May number of the "North American Review" is in one respect disappointing. Only one article of the six printed criticises trusts, and this one criticises them only from the standpoint of the investor. It is, however, written by a recognized leader in the world of investors, Mr. Russell Sage; and his criticism is particularly valuable when a furor for trust investments is the order of the day. Mr. Sage's argument is put in a nutshell in the following lines:

> To me there seems to be something very much like sleight-of-hand in the way in which industries are doubling up in value, as at the touch of the magician's wand. Here we have a factory—a good, conservative, productive investment—which may be turning out anything from toys to locomotives. It falls into the hands of the consolidators, and whereas it was worth $50,000 yesterday, to-day it is worth $150,000—at least on paper. . . . The man who owned the factory could probably not have borrowed over $10,000 on it. Now, however, when the $50,000 plant is changed into a stock issue of $150,000, bankers and financiers are asked to advance $60,000 or $70,000 on what is practically the same property, and many of them, from all accounts, make the advance. . . . A reaction must come as soon as the banks realize the situation. A property is not worth $50,000 one day and $150,000 the next simply because a company of men, no matter how big and important they are, say so.

Mr. Sage's article furnished the text for the five replies in defense of the trusts, yet not one of the defenders takes exception to Mr. Sage's figures as typical of the way trusts are capitalized. The uniform reply to his criticism is that the value of property is not to be reckoned by its cost, but by its earning capacity. Mr. Charles R. Flint, the President of the United States Rubber Company, gives the figures of forty-seven prominent trusts, not including the Standard Oil Company, and shows that their annual earnings now average 7½ per cent. upon the par value of their stock and 13½ per cent. upon the market value, while railroad stocks average but 4⅞ per cent. on both their market value and par value. Mr. Flint's inference would seem to be that the trusts are capitalized at an excessively low figure. Mr. Sage is given no opportunity to reply, but were he given one he would doubtless remind us that a great many individual manufactories have yielded in prosperous years over 14 per cent. on the owner's capital, which a few years later could not be sold for enough to pay his indebtedness to the bank. Where competition can come in, no property can long be worth a great deal more than it costs to duplicate it; and when the competition which high prices provoke assails the trusts, the value of their property may be reduced to the cost of duplicating their establishments. Indeed, Mr. Sage might be unkind enough to remind Mr. Flint that the early prospectuses of the Rubber Trust announced that the average net profits of the constituent companies for ten years back would easily suffice to pay the promised eight per cent. on the Trust's preferred shares, but that the competition of the new rubber boot and shoe factories has just forced the Trust to reduce prices and pass the quarterly dividend on its preferred shares.

* * *

Economies from Trust Management

The only way in which such losses can be avoided is either through the prevention of competition or through the introduction of economies sufficient to pay dividends on the double or treble capitalization of the trust properties. The first method is disclaimed by all of the trust defenders, and the last method is urged by them all as the true defense of industrial combinations. The point is put most forcibly by Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the President of the newly organized United States Steel Corporation. Says Mr. Schwab:

> Useless officials are lopped off in all directions, and that without impairing the efficiency of the service. . . . An excellent illustration of this point in favor of the new system is furnished by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York City. This Company acquired eighteen distinct lines, each supporting a full complement of officers. The lines were consolidated, the officers wiped out. Mr. H. H. Vreeland was made President of the combined system. He performs all the duties that formerly fell to the eighteen separate presidents, and, being a high-grade specialist, performs them very much better. The improved street-car service of the metropolis bears eloquent testimony to this. Eighteen vice-presidents and secretaries and treasurers have given place to one official of the same rank under the combination, and so the process has been carried out all along the line.

This is a telling point, but in order to learn how important relatively is the economy made possible by reducing the number of general officers, we turn to the last report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Here we find the payments to railroad employees from 1895 to 1899. In 1895 the general officers received $12,200,000 out of $445,000,000 paid to employees, and in 1899 they received $12,900,000 out of $522,000,000 paid to employees. During these years, therefore, there had been a slight reduction in the relative amount paid to general officers, but the reduction was only from 2¾ per cent. of the total wage bill to 2½ per cent. Even this gain was slightly more than offset by the fact that during these four years the payments to "other officers" and "general office clerks" increased from $23,700,000 to $28,700,000, or from 5⅓ per cent. to 5⅔ per cent. of the total wage bill. In manufacturing consolidation there are similar offsets to apparent economies, for the salaries paid to the owners and managers of the individual concerns are very largely earned by close attention to all the details of the factory, which the trust must try to secure through salaried subordinates. It is doubtful if the economies of which President Schwab speaks are important except where, as in the Carnegie Steel Company, a tremendous business is concentrated in a single great establishment. But, as President Hill notes in his article, the Carnegie Steel Company never aroused the popular opposition which confronts trusts. The public has always welcomed the advent of a new corporation producing on a large scale with the best possible equipment, and gaining business by serving the public better than its competitors. Public opposition has been directed exclusively to the combination of naturally competing concerns, which are bought up at inflated valuations because, however small and ill equipped and ill managed, the trust is unwilling to meet their competition. Whether such combinations can pay interest on their inflated capitalization and meet the threatened competition of new and well-equipped concerns managed by their proprietors is a question yet to be settled.

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West Point Insubordination Last week punitive authority was made manifest at West Point as never before. On charges of insubordination, five cadets were dismissed, six suspended, and seventy-two are to be punished as the Superintendent directs. The Superintendent is Colonel Mills, and his recommendation for the punishment of certain cadets who lately became involved in breaches of discipline was emphatically approved by Secretary Root and the War Department. The particular insubordination had its origin in the old hazing spirit which most Americans had supposed was broken up by the recent Congressional and army investigations, as the result of which the West Point cadets voluntarily pledged themselves to refrain from the more objectionable features of hazing. Those familiar with West Point traditions, however, noticed that nowhere in the agreement was there a statement that fourth-class men, corresponding to Freshmen in our colleges, would be let entirely alone. In especial, there was no reference to the matter of "bracing," a cruel and brutal form of torture. The expelled cadets declare that they have no knowledge of the evidence obtained against them, for they have not had an open trial, such as is known to military custom, and add that they would not feel dissatisfied with their present condition if it had been brought about by the decision of a court martial. Be that as it may, we are glad that any divergence of opinion among intending West Point students as to whether the cadets or the Government authorities really have charge of the Academy has been summarily and sternly decided in favor of the latter. Colonel Mills's action reflects credit upon that officer, and the War Department is entirely justified in standing by one who has admirably personified the Government in its fight to overthrow stupid and silly traditions.

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The Canteen The experiment of abolishing all sale of beer and light wines at the canteen, and leaving the soldiers to go outside of their camps for their drinks if they want any, has now had some months of trial, and, so far as we can judge from the unofficial and even the semi-official reports, serious evil results have followed. Mrs. Stevens, the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, does, indeed, report that the Union "has made investigations in several army posts and is satisfied thoroughly with the results of the abolition of the canteen," but she gives no details in support of her conclusion that drunkenness has been decreasing. On the other hand, reports of serious increase of drunkenness and disorder have come from widely separated sections of the country. Thus, from Fort Schuyler, in the vicinity of New York, an officer says, in a published interview, that formerly he had but three cases of intoxication in the fort in two and a half years, while during one month following the abolition of the canteen there were in the same fort forty cases of court martial for drunkenness. From the same cause, desertions, absences without leave, insubordination, disorder, and drunkenness are reported as largely increased at several forts in the Far West. Substantially the same story comes in different form from a variety of posts both East and West, and from so many independent witnesses as to preclude all possibility of collusion. Some allowance must probably be made for the previous conviction of army officers that prohibition would not work well; some for the influence on the army of the press, which with few exceptions has disapproved the prohibitory policy; and some for the immediate effect on the soldiers, who resent being treated as children and deprived of their club privileges—for since the abolition of beer and light wine the canteen is no longer the social resort that it was formerly. And we suppose that there are certain so-called temperance advocates who will not be influenced by the reported effect of the prohibitory policy, since they believe that all sale of liquor is wrong and ought to be prohibited regardless of the results. But those who believe with us that the question whether liquor should be sold in camp or not is one of those ethical questions which are to be determined wholly by the results which the action taken produces, should demand of Congress that an official investigation be made of the effects of the prohibitory policy, and if the effects are as bad as from these unofficial reports they appear to be, the country should return to the former policy of permission and regulation.

* * *

The Cubans Do Not Reject American Terms Last week the minority report of the Committee on Relations of the Cuban Constitutional Convention (rendered before the Commission went to Washington), which recommended rejection of the Platt amendment and gave reasons therefor, was rejected in the secret session of the Convention by a vote of nineteen to nine. This may perhaps be regarded as indicating that the majority report of the Committee on Relations, advising acceptance of the Platt amendment as explained by the executive authorities in Washington, will be accepted, though not necessarily by the same majority. It certainly indicates that the trend of public sentiment in Cuba is toward the acceptance of the Platt amendment as containing guarantees necessary for the protection of Cuba from peril of foreign assault and domestic anarchy. The more fully the provisions of that amendment have been studied in the United States the more has American public opinion tended to accept them as just and reasonable, alike for our protection and for that of Cuba.

* * *

Moral Conditions in Manila We have received from a correspondent a letter on the moral conditions of Manila in criticism of our statements, published May 18, based on General MacArthur's report denying that the government has licensed or encouraged houses of prostitution and declaring that the moral conditions of Manila compare favorably with those of any city in the United States. Our correspondent says:

> President McKinley, on January 25, 1901, transmitted to the United States Senate a report of the Secretary of War, inclosing the report of the Taft Philippine Commission. Appended to the Secretary's report are two cablegrams. One from Secretary Root, dated January 15, addressed to Judge Taft, asks: "Are houses of prostitution licensed, protected, or in any way encouraged by authorities?" The second telegram, dated January 17, is from Judge Taft and the Philippine Commission. It says: "No; but true that in November, 1898, spread of venereal diseases among soldiers led military authorities, in order to maintain effectiveness of army, to subject known prostitutes to certified examination." This is not denied by General MacArthur, so far as appears in the extracts from his report published in the papers. But to subject women of bad character to compulsory medical examination, and require them to be provided with official health certificates, is precisely the European system of State regulation of vice. The opponents of this system hold that to lay down regulations under which vice may be carried on is practically to license it.

We do not agree with our correspondent. There are arguments for guarding by medical examination the innocent against disease which are not arguments for a license system. To provide by examination against the adulteration of liquor is not practically to license the sale of liquor. But if there is no license system in Manila, there is what we should think is the worst license system in the world in Honolulu. The local authorities there have set off a section of the city to be given over to licentiousness on apparently a wholesale scale. The details as reported in the "Ram's Horn," of Chicago, and reprinted without denial by the "Semi-Weekly Star," of Honolulu, are not such as we are willing to print in our columns. It must suffice to say that, according to the published accounts, the women, generally Japanese, are practically held in slavery by their masters, who take the profits of their horrible traffic, which is apparently conducted without any shame, reserve, or concealment, in what may be designated as an open market constituted for the purpose.

* * *

The Remedy The social evil is one doubtless very difficult to deal with. But experience has demonstrated that the policy of segregation attempted in Honolulu, of medical examination attempted at Manila, and of license, happily now, so so far as we know, not attempted in any American community, are not the way to deal with it. Segregation was tried in Rome in 1886–87, with the power of both State and Church to enforce it, and was abandoned because the remedy aggravated the disease. License with examination has been tried in Paris, with the result thus testified to by the official administrator of the system: "They demonstrate that prostitution augments and that it becomes more dangerous to public health." Under medical examination for the protection of the British troops in India the disease was nearly doubled in seventeen years, 1871–1888. On the other hand, reform and redemption have uniformly proved successful. As the result of three years' work in the Florence Crittenton Mission in San Francisco, Cal., out of 190 admitted to the Home 126 permanently reformed, 22 remained in the Home, only 24 were known to have returned to a life of vice. Of the other 18, five died and of thirteen no account could be obtained. Congress ought to deal with this matter in all territories under the control of Congress. It ought to make the employment of women in this traffic by a master or a mistress a felony punishable with imprisonment; it ought to make such slavery as apparently exists in Honolulu absolutely impossible; it ought to provide, at whatever cost may be necessary, Homes for any girls who, having gone astray, desire to reform; it ought to adopt for all girls arrested for disorderly conduct the indefinite sentence, and send them to such Homes, to be kept there until reformed, and, if they never reform, to be kept there for the remainder of their life. If the United States were to adopt such a system wherever it has the authority and the responsibility, it would set an example which local communities might follow; and while licentiousness would still continue to exist, it would be reduced to a minimum and would be an individual vice, not a community iniquity.

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The Inter-Oceanic Canal Recent reports indicate that the question between the Nicaragua and the Panama route is likely to come again before the country in a practicable form. There appear to us some indications, though we may misinterpret them, that some strong influences are being exerted by private self-interest to secure action by the Nation which will be favorable to investments of private capital already made. We have not yet seen any official or authoritative declaration that the Panama company is prepared to sell the canal outright to the United States at a reasonable figure; if it is so prepared, the first objection to the Panama route will be removed. The Colombian Government also, apparently, proposes to retain its sovereignty over the canal, nor is there anything more than a vague intimation that it will even give a permanent concession to the canal company; the present one lasts, we believe, for ninety-nine years, a reasonably long period for a private enterprise, but a very short one for a governmental enterprise. If it will give a permanent concession and will relinquish all claims of sovereignty over the waterway, including a reasonable space on either side, the second objection to the Panama route will be removed. But we shall be both surprised and disappointed if the American people consent to any scheme for an inter-oceanic canal not absolutely owned and operated by the United States Government, and wholly under United States control, so as to be as absolutely an American waterway as Long Island Sound or the Mississippi River. We think, and we hope, that if any political party should stand sponsor for any plan which does not fulfill these conditions, it will find aroused against it a spirit of Americanism in the country impossible to be resisted. If these conditions cannot be fulfilled at Panama, the country will not accept the Panama plan; if they cannot be fulfilled at Nicaragua without the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, it will demand the abrogation of that treaty. But, on the contrary, if these conditions can be fulfilled at both places, the issue between the two routes will cease to be a political one and its correct solution will depend upon the true answer to three questions: Which canal presents the least engineering difficulties? Which can be built for the least money? and Which promises the best route, not for the world, but for the people of the United States. These questions, certainly the first two, must in the nature of the case be left to experts, whose judgment can certainly be more safely trusted than that of inexpert editorial writers. In other words, it is for the entire people to decide whether the inter-oceanic canal shall be under American or under foreign sovereignty, and whether it shall be a private or a governmental enterprise. We think they have decided both these questions, and we do not believe that they will reverse their judgment. So long as this decision is respected, it will be for the experts to select the best route for a canal which can be constructed by the American Government, can be owned and operated by the American Government, and can be placed under the protection of the American Government. We hope that the American people will accept no other.

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The Bach Festival During three days of last week the annual Bach festival was held at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. No event in the world of music is of more interest or significance to Americans than this. The festival has a religious as well as a musical significance. To a great degree Bethlehem is a Moravian town; it was founded by Moravians a hundred and sixty years ago. The stern discipline and the church policy of the Bohemian brethren still influence many of the town's activities As is well known, there is a strong musical tendency in the liturgy of the Moravian Church. No hymns are more realistically religious than Moravian hymns; for instance, few can listen unmoved to Count Zinzendorf's "Jesu, geh' voran," "Jesus, still lead on!" It is this sturdy closeness of religious touch which dominates all of Bach's music, and the rendition of his music was surely more appropriate in the Moravian church at Bethlehem than it could have been anywhere else. Bethlehem has become in some sense the American Baireuth. In the festival last week Baireuth came strongly to mind. The quartette of trombones was employed as the trumpets are in the German town, to summon the audience to the performances. The four trombonists stood in the quaint tower of the Moravian church and intoned a passage from a Bach choral. They are accustomed so to stand on impressive religious occasions. The Moravian liturgy is rich, not only in hymnology, but in the methods of musical performance. Flutes, horns, viols, and trombones early appeared in its church services. By 1780 Bethlehem had an orchestra. Last week's programme consisted of the performance of the Christmas Oratorio, the Matthew Passion, and the great B minor Mass. For the first time in this country, the Christmas Oratorio was given in its entirety. The Matthew Passion is familiar to many communities, but the B minor Mass is in many respects the most magnificent of all Bach's works. Two years ago, at Bethlehem, the Mass was heard for the first time in this country. The success of that performance led to the present undertaking.

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Arabi Pasha Last week Arabi Pasha, the famous Egyptian rebel, was pardoned. The world had almost forgotten him in his Ceylon exile. He had lived on that island since 1882. In that year he was a figure of the greatest importance in international affairs. Following the declination of France to continue dual control, the British Government was forced to assume sole authority in Egypt for the purpose of restoring order. Its bitterest enemy was Arabi Pasha, and his insurrection cost the lives of many Englishmen. He was finally defeated by Lord Wolseley in the famous battle of Tel-el-Kebir. With that victory British rule in Egypt was established on a firm foundation, and by the later greater victory of Lord Kitchener at Khartûm British authority was also extended over the vast domain of the Sudan. The Outlook has frequently had occasion to point out how beneficent that rule has been to the Egyptians, but the most significant testimony now comes from Arabi himself, who at last acknowledges that his country has prospered miraculously under the new order of things. With this acknowledgment came also an appeal, "Tell the English people that I am an old man—old before my time. Tell them that I am broken down in health, unfit for anything but reflection on the past, incapable of dishonesty or dishonor. I want to die among my own people. I want to see Egypt and those I love before the last hour comes. If the English Government would allow me to go back to Egypt, I should go, not as the enemy, but as the friend, of England." The prisoner's prayer was quickly answered.

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The Baptist Anniversaries The annual meetings of the Baptist missionary societies, instead of being held, like those of the Congregationalists, at different times, are massed for a week together. Last week witnessed large assemblies at Springfield, Mass. The home and foreign missionary work, including the women's auxiliary societies, with various educational undertakings, and also a large publishing business, have been so well sustained that the various treasuries were able to report either a balance to credit or but a small deficit. A peculiarly interesting feature of Baptist Home Missions is the chapel-car service, begun ten years ago with the car named "Emanuel." Six of these cars are now in commission. These, each of them a chapel and parsonage on wheels, are built and owned by the Society. The railroad companies haul them and keep them in repair. The investment in these of $100,000 has thus far resulted in organizing a hundred churches, eighty of them already housed in their own edifices, besides a hundred and eighty-two Sunday-schools. The chapel-car stops at a station where no church is, but where it sometimes leaves behind it a church quickly put up and ready for occupancy. One of these cars did grand emergency service last autumn for Baptist churches in Texas, whose houses were wrecked in the storm that devastated Galveston. The Baptist home missionary work extends from Alaska to Cuba and Porto Rico, including among all other classes the immigrants at Castle Garden. The Publication Society, which has charge of the chapel-cars, reports an income from all sources of $887,472. Its Bible revision work, the New Testament part of which has long been in print, is near completion, and the Old Testament portion is to be published before long. A noble address was given upon "The Bible and the Twentieth Century" by Professor T. Harwood Pattison, of Rochester. The Baptist societies, like the Congregationalist, are organizations of individuals with various terms of membership, soliciting the churches for the means to do church work. In each denomination an effort is making to gear these independent wheels together and to the churches they represent, both for closer co-operation and economical administration. The report made at Springfield by the Committee on Co-ordination led to the reference of the problem to further conference.

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The Unitarian Anniversaries The central point of interest in the meetings held last week in Boston was the seventy-sixth anniversary of the American Unitarian Association. Its statistics show gratifying progress during the year. Ten new societies have been established, fifteen dormant societies have been revived, thirteen new movements have been inaugurated. This is proportionally a larger advance than some more numerous denominations show. The growth of the recently established school at Tarrytown, Hackley Hall, has been rapid, and its immediate enlargement is to be undertaken. Resolutions were adopted which, among other important recommendations, urge that the strong churches give their ministers to work under direction of the Association a certain number of Sundays each year for church extension. A similar suggestion has been made in other denominations, and it seems eminently reasonable. The individualism fostered by the Congregational polity, and especially strong among Unitarians, is being tempered with a new spirit of fellowship and co-operation, which the leaders justly regard as auspicious for greater effectiveness. The address of the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, President of the Association, sees in this the assurance that while the Unitarian churches "are committed to the championship of liberty as the law of spiritual life," they will "more and more work together for the coming of the kingdom of God."

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The Greco-Russian Church in New York City Last week the corner-stone of the new Greco-Russian church in New York City was laid by Bishop Tikhon, Russian Bishop of North America, assisted by other dignitaries of that Church, and in the presence of the Russian embassy, of representatives of the Russian navy, and a large assemblage of believers Ever since a Russian church was established in New York City the inconvenience of the present quarters (the parlor floor of a private house on Second Avenue) had continually increased. The new structure is the result of a fund collected throughout Russia, and will be known as the Church of St. Nicholas the Wonder-Worker. It is to be built in Ninety-seventh Street, between Madison and Fifth Avenues. The edifice and the rectory, which will adjoin it, are to be of darkened brick, the church itself to be surmounted by the usual

Russian domes, of iron painted green, while the crosses and spiral ribs will be of gilded bronze. The laying of the corner-stone was the first ceremony of its kind ever performed in the metropolis. Bishop Tikhon wore a vestment of cloth of silver, and the other officiating clergymen were attired in robes of scarlet and purple. The clergymen read a Psalm in unison. The Bishop blessed the place designated for the walls of the church, and other ceremonies followed.

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From Taku to Taku

On Thursday of last week the American troops in China went on board the return transports at Taku, thus completing one chapter of history, from the landing of our soldiers ten months ago at Taku to their departure last week from that port. Wednesday morning, with the exception of the Legation Guard, the last of the American troops in Peking left that city. Despite the early hour—seven o'clock—and the long distances which they had to march, all the bands of the British troops escorted our soldiers from their station at the Temple of Agriculture to the railway depot, where Japanese and other bands awaited them. A great crowd gathered to wish General Chaffee farewell. Count von Waldersee, Generalissimo of the allied forces, General Gaselee, commanding the British contingent, General Yamaguchi, commanding the Japanese, and all the other generals and members of the Foreign Legations, were present. The Seventh Rajputs (British Indian troops) acted as a guard of honor.

These distinctions have been fairly won by our soldiers under their able leader. Some self-complacency on our part may perhaps be pardoned as we review the history of the past ten months, for our good record began immediately at Taku itself, when Admiral Kempff refused to join the other Powers in their mischievous attack on the forts there. The chorus of reproach from Europe has long since given place to a due credit to us for our wise abstention. A month from the day when communication with Peking was severed, the foreign troops were ready to attack the Boxers. The Ninth United States Infantry was the first American regiment on the ground, and the only one participating in the operations at Tientsin. Tientsin was captured, and on August 15 Peking was taken. Two advance companies of the Fourteenth Infantry scaled the wall of the capital, and were the first to plant the colors there. While no troops took a more conspicuous part in the rescue of the besieged Legations than did our own, a greater contrast to the conduct of the other allied soldiers was furnished by the self-restraint which characterized our soldiers in the conquered city. The American commander had issued a peremptory order pointing out that looting and other allied practices are forbidden by the United States Government, and, more particularly, declaring that no officer or private could acquire a valid title to property taken from the enemy until it had been turned over to the proper supply department and duly issued or sold. Furthermore, General Chaffee wisely did not permit his men to take part in the so-called punitive expeditions ostensibly to restore order in the Province of Chili.

With regard to organization, confirmation of previously published good reports has just come to hand, the most important being the report of Captain Franklin, Chief Commissary of our army in China. American supplies, more generous both in quantity and quality than those of other countries, have had one fault—they have not been packed well. Captain Franklin says that our camps, however, have been the best policed of any. His conclusion is as follows:

> Altogether, the American force was better fed, better clothed, especially for the winter, and had the best transportation. Where we fell down in the eyes of the foreigners was in military appearance. Our men were slouchy in dress, and rambled about clothed, or half clothed, or dressed in any way that their fancy dictated; but this was true of our officers, too, I am sorry to say. We seemed to lack a proper pride in our personal appearance. But the American's arms were always clean and in good order, and he can shoot and take care of himself better than his more neatly dressed brothers in arms.

Another interesting confirmation comes from an English source, the correspondent in China of the "British Medical Journal." He writes: "I think that the American hospital in Peking could hold its own with most London hospitals." While the correspondent did not like our rations so well as the British rations, the fine training and efficiency of the American hospital corps won his undisguised admiration. The characteristics of our hospital seem to have been "bedsteads, besides tables and chairs brought from America, a diet kitchen at the end of the ward, with an ample cooking-range, and a highly trained cook, in a white apron and cap, whose life's business is cooking, and who is not expected to do anything else."

But this is not all. Our soldiers have governed the quarter of Peking assigned to us with so much tact and firmness, preserving order and insuring the safety of life and property, that the Chinese residents themselves held a mass-meeting petitioning the troops to remain longer and govern them. This, we believe, is an unprecedented event in Chinese or any other history. As order is now practically restored in Peking, and to a certain extent in the Province of Chili, there is no longer an excuse for detaining our soldiers there, and hence, except a small legation guard, they have been recalled. We are thus the first to furnish to the world the most impressive assurance of good faith in dealing with China.

When President McKinley declared that there must be no incontinent scuttling out of China, but that we must remain there until the purpose of our going thither was accomplished, some anti-imperialists declared that the "no scuttling" was a euphemism for a permanent occupation of Chinese territory. Yet our troops, their work done, are promptly retiring from the scene of action. Such a ten months record reflects the highest credit on American diplomatic and military management.

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The Colleges and the Professions

A protest deserving of general and serious attention is that of Dr. Edmund W. Holmes, of Philadelphia, against the increasing disposition of young men entering the professions to regard a college education as unnecessary. This protest has peculiar authority, for its author speaks both as a medical man and as a member of the University of Pennsylvania faculty. His paper deals with the situation as it exists in his own State, but the facts he gives would doubtless, on a similar investigation, be found to characterize the country at large, more or less according to locality. That is, these facts point to a general tendency of modern American life. Dr. Holmes states that while there is a large attendance at the universities of Pennsylvania, it is confined almost wholly to the professional and technical departments. Out of a total of nearly seven hundred degrees conferred by four representative Pennsylvania institutions, the University of Pennsylvania, Lehigh, Lafayette, and the State College, but one-fifth were collegiate, while four-fifths were professional or technical degrees. As a goad to State pride, these figures are compared with those of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, where, out of a total of nearly nineteen hundred degrees conferred, almost four-fifths of that number were collegiate, while but slightly over one-fifth were pr fessional or technical. This comparison is evidently misleading, because Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are in a peculiar sense National universities, drawing their students, and especially undergraduate students, from all the States, including Pennsylvania; and because Yale and Princeton, at least, labor under a disadvantage of location for professional study in not being situated in cities of the first size. In the case of Harvard, which is practically in Boston, out of a total of over a thousand degrees conferred, approximately seventy per cent. were collegiate and approximately thirty per cent. were professional or technical—a much fairer basis of comparison. But, analyze or rearrange the figures as one will, they remain startlingly significant.

Dr. Holmes attributes this tendency to three principal causes: to the desire to begin professional work early, especially under modern conditions of the lengthened courses and increased requirements of professional study; to the encouragement of a belief held by many professional men, especially medical men, that a college education is at least a waste of time; and to the popular notion that a professional or technical education is of itself "a liberal education." This last Dr. Holmes vigorously combats. He emphasizes the obvious fact that the medical school cannot, in the nature of the case, give a "liberal" education, since "the more engrossing is professional study, the more narrowing is it, shutting the mind up to its own facts to the exclusion of others."

Dr. Holmes believes that, even for professional success, the man who knows only his own profession enters the competition under a serious handicap. He strongly deprecates "the curious anomaly that, while a professional man need not exactly apologize to his brethren for being liberally educated, a plea for higher education is too often not admitted as a self-evident fact, while it is hardly ever made without a demand for proof of its utility." In short, this protest is aimed at that set toward specialism which is coming to menace alike the broader life and the higher professional success. On the practical side, Dr. Holmes does not believe that the college-trained young man, who waits until twenty-six to receive his degree of M.D., sacrifices any hospital opportunities or other advantages worth considering as compared with the young man who hurries to secure his degree at twenty-two. In the case of a four years' medical course he would, however, allow the college course to count for one year provided it includes biology and anatomy. This has the indorsement of the Medical Council of Pennsylvania. It is a proposal that meets half-way the departure at Harvard, and more recently at Yale, which enables a student under certain conditions to receive the degree of A.B., and suggests happy possibilities of co-ordination and adjustment in what many regard as the rival spheres of professional and academic education.

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Tragedies of the Pure

The world is familiar with the tragedies of sin, and finds in them no inexplicable mystery, but the consistent working out of the law of righteousness. Even those who suffer, if they are intelligent, cannot cry out against the bitter harvest of their own sowing. If they have any clear sight, above all, if there be any sorrow for misdoing in their hearts, they must find a certain satisfaction in the consciousness that there is a power of righteousness behind the wills of men which cannot be blinded, eluded, or thwarted. The bed-rock on which faith in God rests secure is the inexorable enforcement of the law of righteousness among men. No sin ever yet went unpunished; no sin ever will go unpunished. What a man sows he will reap, to the end of time. When the harvest comes in terrible forms, men shrink from the tragedy, but they recognize the moral logic behind it.

There is, however, another class of tragedies which appall by their suddenness and leave the mind bewildered by their apparent violation of the harmonies between character and destiny. Upon the upright, the pure, the lovable, and the eminently faithful a destructive flash of fire sometimes descends from the shining heavens, and men stand appalled and disheartened by what appears to be an arbitrary and inexplicable play of that mysterious blighting, thwarting, and destructive element which we call the irony of fate. The older poets and thinkers recognized what seemed to them a willful overturning of the plans of men when they were on the eve of accomplishment, a perverse wasting of the most precious forces which men can bring to bear upon great ends, a derisive defeat of noble natures at the very moment when they stand on the threshold of a new work or of great careers. This sudden darkening of fair skies, this swift blighting of promising lives, has seemed so inexplicable that men have despaired of any explanation save the jealousy of the gods, cynically making men aware of their weakness in the hour of triumph.

To those who believe in the God whom Christ revealed there can be no mocking irony in the life of man. The God whose anguish over the sorrows of his children was interpreted on Calvary cannot laugh at their calamities; the burden of their griefs is on his heart, and the uncertainties, miseries, and griefs which make the tragedies of life rest upon Him who, in the person of his Son, once wept at an earthly tomb. It is misleading to say of the sudden and inexplicable blighting of beautiful lives and the tragic ending of noble careers that God wills or foreordains them. God cannot will them; they must grieve him as they smite us. They are sudden discords in the harmonies of things; swift and shocking interruptions of work and joy and growth. They are less appalling to those who look at them from beyond the shadows of time, but they cannot be otherwise than painful and distressing. Let human sorrow have its natural expression when these terrible experiences come, and let men avoid the platitudes of a consolation which is easy because it neither sees nor feels deeply. It is neither true nor wise to pass over great catastrophes like the earthquake in Lisbon, the destruction of Galveston, and the breaking dam at Johnstown as if they were in the order of things and to be accepted as the working out of the will of God. They are not in the order of things, and the shock and grief they bring make us aware that they are exceptional and significant; the terror that comes with them is meant to deepen the lessons we are to learn from them. Nothing is gained and much may be lost by minimizing the tragedies of life; they must have their full weight if they are to teach us what they mean.

In all reverence, it must be said by those who believe in the God whom Christ made known, that he does not will these sudden and inexplicable calamities; he permits them. In a world of law, where room is made for the fashioning of responsible men and women by continual choosing between right and wrong, and where, of necessity, effect is bound to follow cause even when disaster falls on the innocent, there must be great and terrible calamities which, with our limited knowledge, are inexplicable. In a world where the tares and the wheat grow together; where, in a divinely ordered freedom, the good and the evil are chosen or rejected freely; where the righteous, of necessity, bless the wicked by their deeds and their influence, and the wicked, by the same necessity, afflict and burden the righteous by their misdeeds, mysterious and appalling calamities must happen to the pure as to the impure; for men are bound together in a common destiny, and the evil of one smites the many as the good of one blesses the many; and God is bound up in the same great mystery of suffering. He permits that which he hates, and the tragedies which come through the freedom which makes character possible are the tragedies of the divine as of the human life. The cross remains the symbol of a suffering God.

If these great sorrows fell only upon men, we might despair; but they rest also upon God, and therefore, out of them and through them, some great deliverance, some sublime blessedness, is being accomplished. For God suffers, not because he has lost his power, but because he has laid it aside in order that through love he may secure that which was his from the beginning as a matter not only of right but of force. Christ could have stepped at any moment out of the circle of suffering; he stayed until he rose out of it victorious, in order that men might comprehend in a suffering God the divinity of love rather than of power. Since He has suffered who knew no sin, and out of his suffering a great light shines on human calamities, those calamities, however appalling and mysterious, are no longer intolerable. They rest heavily on our souls, as they ought, for life is easy to the light-minded only; but they are not moral catastrophes carrying with them permanent wreckage. When they come, as they often do from purely physical causes, on the finest natures, their suddenness and blackness throw into high and beautiful relief the striving, the aspiration, the purity, and the charm of the life swiftly arrested. At the very moment of vanishing out of human life there is accomplished a revelation of a beautiful soul so complete and so winning that in death the radiant spirit touches others with an influence more deep and permanent than years of teaching could have wrought.

The Spectator

Every year, so far in the life of the Spectator, the return of spring has not failed to bring back to him once more a certain masterful impulse, the very same that gave to his boyhood its sweetest pleasures, and many a sound whipping besides. As long as the spring fails not to bring back that impulse, with the old-time readiness to yield to its persuasion, no matter what the consequences, the Spectator asks for no better proof that he is not yet the venerable person some take him to be. This year the old impulse came, as ever, with the first chirping of the robins and the languorous distaste for tasks of all kinds that has ever followed the first scent of budding green and the first sight of a game of marbles; but the Spectator did not give way and quit work until he heard a hand-organ—that settled the matter. He must *run away from school.*

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The Spectator's task was unusually pressing that morning. There was a big package of proof, with the inscription, "Return at once;" and a Board meeting besides, with the remark, "Don't fail to be present." What more was needed to insure the old zest in truancy? Was there ever any pleasure in running away from nothing to do? in running away by permission? Possibly, if the schoolhouse bell had not begun to ring while he was hesitating, the Spectator might not have slipped away as he did, without overcoat or overshoes, straight for the ravine brook where he knew the fish were biting, and the ledges where the snakes would be taking their first sun-bath of the season—the old lines, softly repeated, staying his courage just as they used to do:

"Scolding don't hurt; whipping won't
Last long; kill me they dasn't."

❀

That was a prime morning for runaways. The Spectator counted upon picking up one comrade, at least, on the edge of the wood—some little fellow who had hidden his books and slate in a stump and was ready to dig worms for bait. Where was he, to be sure? The Spectator gave the old whistle, and sat down upon a sunny log to clean the mud from his shoes. He would enjoy watching the cautious approach of the runaway—he hoped there was nothing in his appearance that might lead to his being mistaken for a spy—a truant-policeman. Again he whistled, exhilaration ebbing fast. A full caucus of crows in the oaks near by evidently were discussing his intentions and sanity. Where had he been for twenty years or more that he did not know that the boy who runs away from school is as extinct as the dodo—a thing of the past—a feature of an educational system of which he was an inevitable evolution? With the supplanting of that system by a better, the truant, that peculiar type the Spectator was yearning for, had disappeared. The places that used to know him on days like that knew him no more. Whistle your sweetest, Mr. Spectator, you cannot bring him back. You may find something like his survival, perhaps, among the boys who called out the following in a recent inland newspaper: "The Public Library will be closed during school hours hereafter, as too many boys choose to spend their time there rather than in school." No—no—that was not the boy the Spectator was whistling for. In the vernacular of the old Gloucester fisherman, it was "another stripe of cats entirely."

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The Spectator was beginning to realize that, with all his professions of interest in educational matters, he was profoundly ignorant of the great changes that have taken place in our schools—the difference between present methods and those of thirty years ago. He knew, of course, that children are no longer taught the alphabet letter by letter, nor made to memorize the multiplication table, the counties of their State, and the books of the Bible; but that the runaway had disappeared, with the dunce-stool and the birch rod, he had failed somehow to realize. He would let the snakes go, and look in upon a school in session that morning—the model school of his suburban town. He would find, if he could, what the persistent force of his lost type had evolved into, what form the truant's lovable qualities had taken, for he had never been a bad boy, nor a dull one—far from it, but one whose love of nature and adventure got the upper hand of him occasionally, "liberating his imprisoned personality," for a few hours at least, from the stern vigilance of disciplinarians whose calling it seemed to be to make ascending the hill of science as hard as possible.

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The Spectator knew his boy in a minute. He was in class, and describing with much enthusiasm the results of his close observations of the tent caterpillar. On the table before him were many small boxes; through their thin muslin covers could be seen the worm in various stages of development. The whole school, the Spectator was informed, was an organization for the destruction of the cocoons. There was to be one of the regular nature-study excursions that afternoon, to the very wood where the Spectator had been that morning on a vain quest. A few snakes would be captured, it was hoped, for the school museum. The next lesson would be upon the snakes of the locality. Would the Spectator make a few remarks to the class? Had they been runaways like himself, how fluently he could have spoken! Addressing that phalanx of helminthologists was a different thing. They must excuse his hurrying back to his work!

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"Could you relive some experience of your boyhood," was asked of a company of sunsetters, "what would it be?" The answer came promptly from a venerable doctor of divinity, "Running away from school;" and he was one of those who makes loud protest against any running away from the Westminster Confession. Who ever dreamed that he had been the runaway of his school? "I believe," he said, after many a story of his daring escapades, "that if I had been one of the goody-goodies, I should have turned out—well—just what I didn't; I should have been done with books when done with school."

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"Two or three of us boys," said a prominent horticulturist of the party, "wanting to transplant a number of trees to a place in a meadow where we had decided trees were needed, ran away from school one day, and worked like beavers until we had carried out our plan. It cost us sound whippings, of course; but to-day those trees that we set out add wonderfully to the landscape, and have greatly increased the value of real estate in their neighborhood. Another day we ran away from school, regardless of consequences, each one with a big supply of flower-seeds, which we sowed in profusion in a deserted railroad yard, their glory of bloom becoming the marvel of the village that summer, and our delight."

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The extinction of the runaway of his boyhood—his almost utter extermination—gives to the Spectator, in acceptance of his personal loss, another proof that it is possible for a well-regulated mind to approve and disapprove of the same thing without sacrifice of consistency. He knows what is looked for in good citizens with the public welfare at heart—and he has grandchildren in school, besides; and yet he is not fully reconciled to what it is folly to deplore. The lost types of the nineteenth century—what a list!—"the most of them feminine," growls Croaker, who actually laments the disappearance of the Jane Austen type of heroine—making the Spectator's whistle and sigh easily to be condoned and forgotten.

The Presbyterian General Assembly

From a Staff Correspondent

THE first half of last week having been given to matters of church work and administration, the second half was spent mostly in debating a proposal to abandon the project of revising the Confession of Faith, which was undertaken a year ago. The report of the Committee then appointed to consult the Presbyteries on the subject, and its recommendation to create a commission instructed to prepare new statements in specified points, was no sooner taken up for discussion than it was attacked with intent to shelve the entire proposition. Dr. Baker, of Philadelphia, pastor of Albert Barnes's old church, moved a resolution setting forth the lack of agreement in the replies of the Presbyteries to the inquiries of the Committee, the long controversy which this portended, the bar which the revision movement presented to Presbyterian reunion, and that therefore "the General Assembly deems it inexpedient to proceed further in the matter of creedal revision, and hereby dismisses the whole matter." This was virtually a motion for indefinite postponement, and as such might have been ruled not debatable.

Had this been done, the two days spent in deciding whether to recede or go forward might have been fruitful in disposition of the various propositions of the Committee. It was, however, presented as a "substitute" for a previous motion to substitute the minority for the majority report (*i.e.*, to strike out the majority proposal for "a brief summary of the reformed faith"). The Moderator permitted it to be debated as such, and no one objected. The report that two hundred and fifty had come up to the Assembly as "dismissionists" may have made this seem to the revisionists the safer course. The Stated Clerk gave warning that two or three days' business was in waiting for the conclusion of the matter. But not even the United States Senate is more patient toward speakers with staying power than the Assembly showed itself. Three half-days were spent in hearing sixteen addresses *pro* and *con*, and another half-day in a series of ten-minute speeches, before crowded, eager audiences. Hundreds of listeners were standing, and showing their interest in bursts of applause, which reiterated reproofs from the chair failed to repress. Finally, at five o'clock on Friday, the flood-gate was shut, the vote (not counted) showed an overwhelming majority for the revisionists, the Assembly found itself on the threshold where it stood Thursday morning, and adjourned with the motion before it to substitute the minority report for that of the majority.

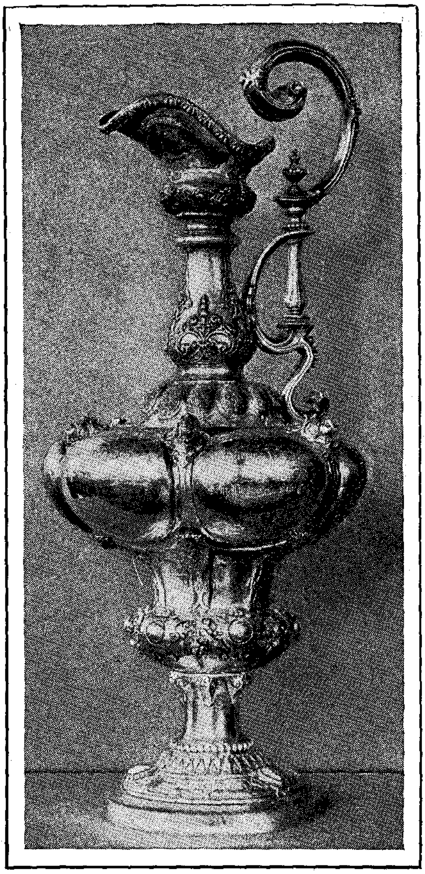
The amendments to the Confession unanimously recommended by the Committee were these: A revision of the famous third chapter on "God's Eternal Decree," particularly concerning those "foreordained to everlasting death;" also of the statement in the tenth chapter that "elect infants are saved," supposed to imply that not all infants are saved; also of the teaching in the sixteenth chapter, that good works done by unregenerate men are sinful; likewise in the twenty-second chapter, that it is a sin to refuse oaths required by lawful authority; and in the twenty-fifth chapter, that the Pope is Antichrist. Additional statements were also recommended upon the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, the obligatoriness of Christian missions, and the love of God for all men. Revision in the points named was urged for the removal of impediments which hinder some conscientious men from taking office as elders, embarrass others "before a scoffing world" with sponsorship for more than they believe, and obstruct the growth of the Church. These pleas were strongly presented from the interior and the West, while New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania were pronounced against them. The pertinacious resistance made to the proposal of changes which one objector, Dr. Purves, declared as insignificant as the picking off of flies from a granite pillar, avowedly proceeded from prescience of graver changes to follow. The Assembly was adjured to resist beginnings. Dr. Kennedy, of Alleghany, depicted the ultimate consequences of any attempt to square the Confession with modern thought—with the doctrine of evolution, for instance. Boring these little holes in the Confession was weakening the dam that holds back the flood. Those thus criticised, however, were not a jot less emphatic than their critics in asserting their jealousy of any weakening of the integrity of the doctrinal system. The point on which the Committee divided, viz., the proposed brief summary of the reformed faith, seemed of importance to the dissenting minority of two, partly for the reason that it would practically amount to the substitution of a new creed for the old one. A further objection was that this new creed, once imposed, would abridge the liberty of dissent from particulars which now goes with subscription to the ancient creed. The largeness of this unchartered liberty of dissent was made much of in a brilliant speech by Professor De Witt, of Princeton, as the decisive merit of the unrevised Confession. But it did not escape private remark that Princeton men had disallowed this claim of liberty when made by certain professors at Union and Lane.

The debate was in that fine form of which the Assembly gives shining examples, and was conducted with masterly skill and power. The floor was accorded alternately to spokesmen for the opposite sides. The points of doctrine singled out for revision by the Committee did not lack uncompromising defenders. Were there hard sayings in the Confession? So there were in the Scriptures. Jesus did not tone down the hard sayings his hearers complained of. Judge Ewing, of Pittsburg, indorsed the Third Chapter throughout as "the truth of God." "Suppose," said he, "God had elected everybody to salvation, wouldn't Satan have said, 'That's just what I told Eve, Ye shall not surely die'?" Dr. Purves held that there were three competing doctrines of salvation, viz., the sacerdotalist, through sacraments; the rationalist, through character; the Calvinistic, through the electing love of God: the Church was bound to teach the latter. The trouble about it in the Church, said Dr. Baker, had been stirred up by outsiders. The Chairman of the Committee, Dr. Dickey, of St. Louis, pointed to the returns which showed that less than one-fourth of the presbyteries desired no revision. He urged imitation of the Scotch and English Churches in this matter. He pointed to the fact that the Confession had already been amended by striking out the doctrines that it was incest to marry a deceased wife's sister, and the duty of magistrates to deal with heresy. Professor Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, declared that the Confession was too narrow; it presented a Gospel for the elect only, not the Gospel for the world; it was built on only one verse of Scripture, Romans viii., 30. Judge Humphrey, of Louisville, said: "The higher you raise your dam against the revision movement, the worse will be the flood." Elder Holt, of Chicago, declared the situation intolerable; it must be mended or ended. The revisionists affirmed that there would be no peace in the Church till there was a prospect of relief from their difficulties. The "dismissionists" urged that there would be no peace in an unsettling period of revision. That the peace for which both parties were concerned is secure seems assured by the admirable good temper that prevailed throughout the excitement of so strenuous a debate.

The revisionists united had held their ground more triumphantly than they had expected. It remained to settle how much ground they could hold divided. The question on Saturday morning was the same as on Thursday, the substitution of the minority report for the majority, or, as it was phrased by general consent, Shall Section B of the majority report (providing for a new summary of doctrine) be retained? After the two days of discussion the Assembly was less tolerant of prolonged debate. Cries of "Question" were frequent, with occasional confusion. Dr. McKibben, of Cincinnati, the only minister who signed the minority report, spoke for it forcibly. He implored the "brethren of the dismissal" to support it. If the majority report should prevail, some might be forced out of the fold. Professor Stewart, of Auburn Seminary, said the movement for a new creed was growing. The rear guard now camped where the advance stood in 1889. He advocated the majority report as a broad and generous compromise. The Moderator, Dr. Minton, took the floor, and, referring to the day as the most important for years in the history of the Church, advocated the striking out of Section B, which provides for a brief summary of the Reformed faith bearing the same relation to the Confession which the Shorter Catechism bears to the larger Catechism. He regarded it as embodying an idea that was fraught with danger—a new creed. Amid vociferous cries of "Question" Dr. Herrick Johnson followed with a telling argument for the majority report, with its new doctrinal summary, as especially desired by the Presbyteries in mission fields, and "the nearest thing we can at this time produce to cement together the two elements of the Church." The demand for the vote then became tumultuous. A count showed 271 for retaining Section B to 234 against it. The announcement was greeted with loud applause in the release of long-repressed excitement. An unsuccessful call for the previous question on the adoption of the majority report was made by Commissioners who were unable to remain till Monday, when the final vote was to be taken. After notice was given of an intended amendment, the Assembly adjourned, with enough unfinished business on hand to make this year's meeting one of the longest on record.

Monday. With some not vital amendment, the report of the majority of the Committee has been adopted unanimously; thus not only a revision of the Creed in certain particulars is provided for, but also preparation of a brief statement of faith as recommended in Section B as described above.

The Defender of the Cup



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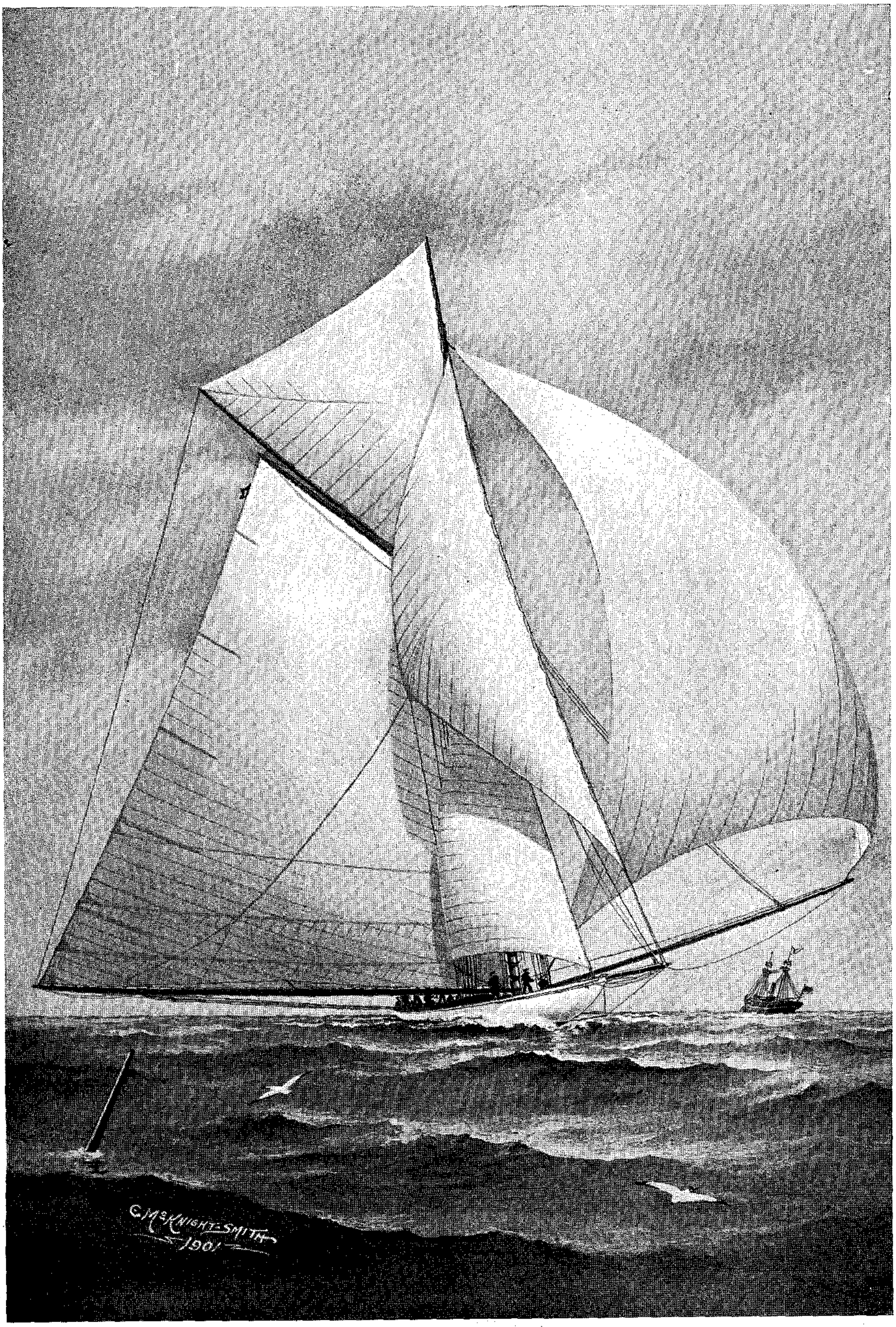
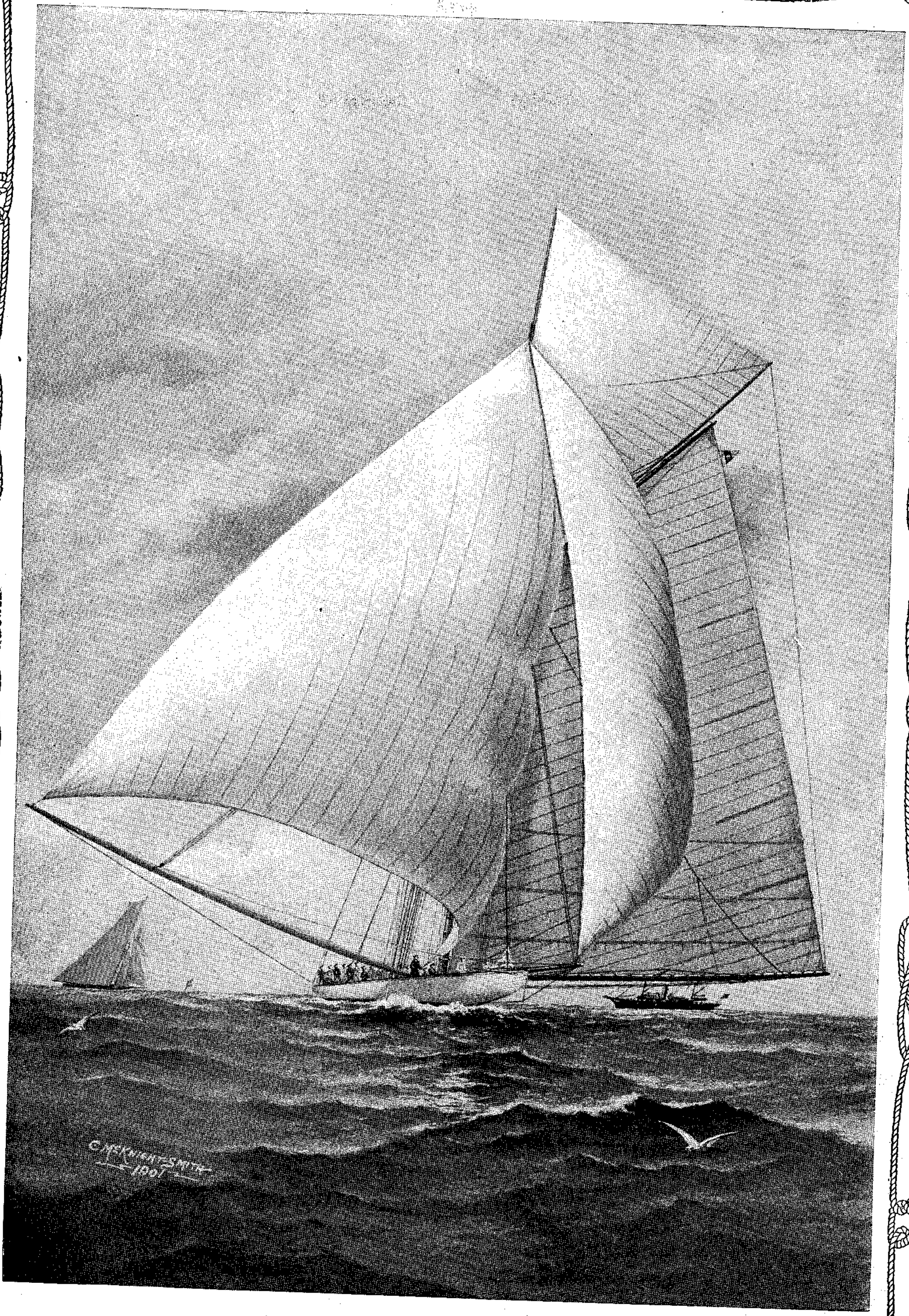
IN the trial races to decide what yacht shall defend the America's Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock II., in the international regatta, there will be an interesting encounter between the Constitution, owned by the Belmont syndicate of the New York Yacht Club, and the Independence, owned by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston. The New York boat was designed and built by the Herreshoffs, at Bristol, R. I., while her Boston rival was designed by B. B. Crowninshield, and built by George Lawley & Son, at Boston. The Columbia, which defeated Shamrock I. in last year's regatta, will also participate in the trials.


C. McKNIGHT-SMITH
1901

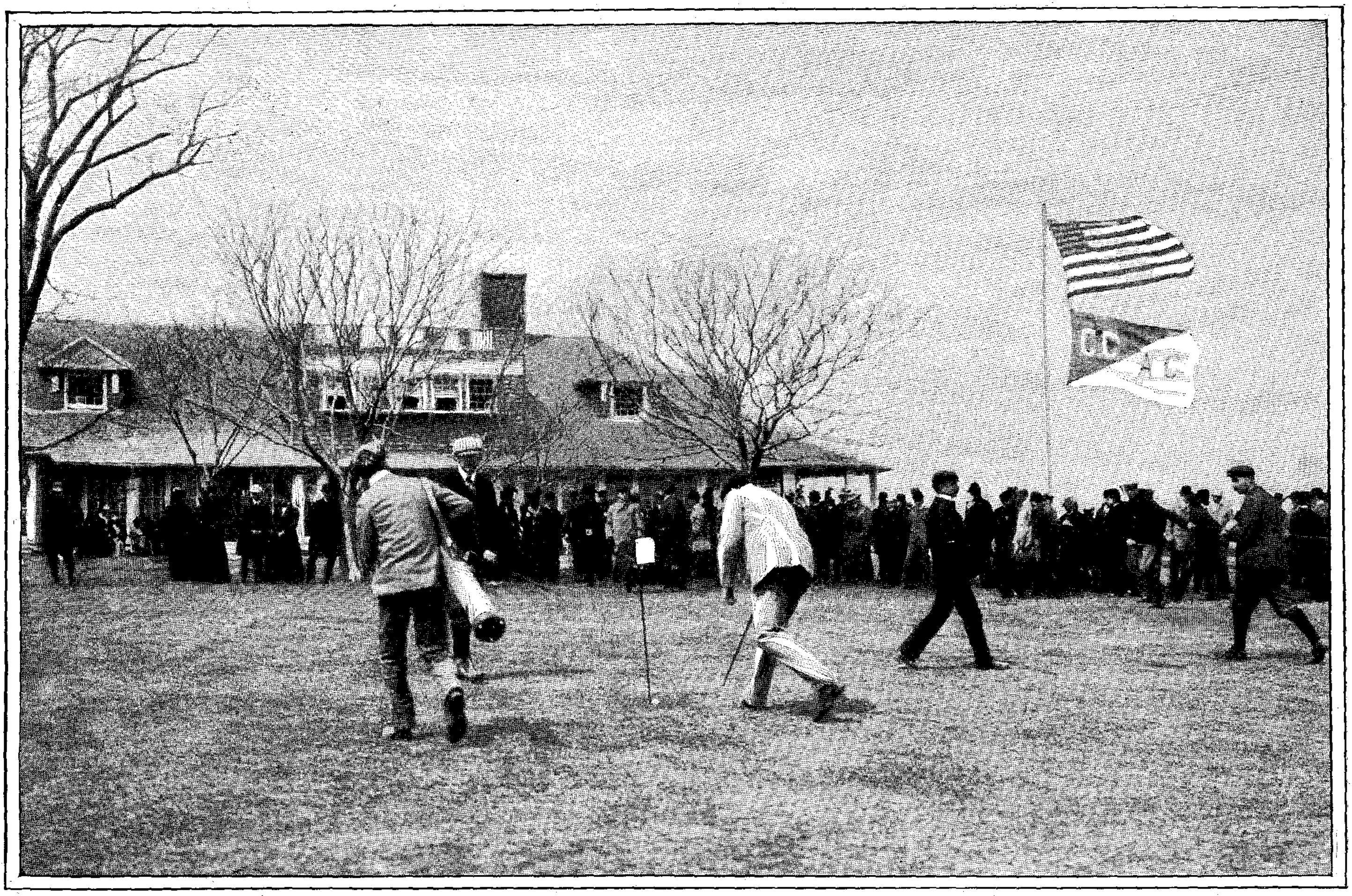
THE CONSTITUTION

Drawn by C. McKnight Smith

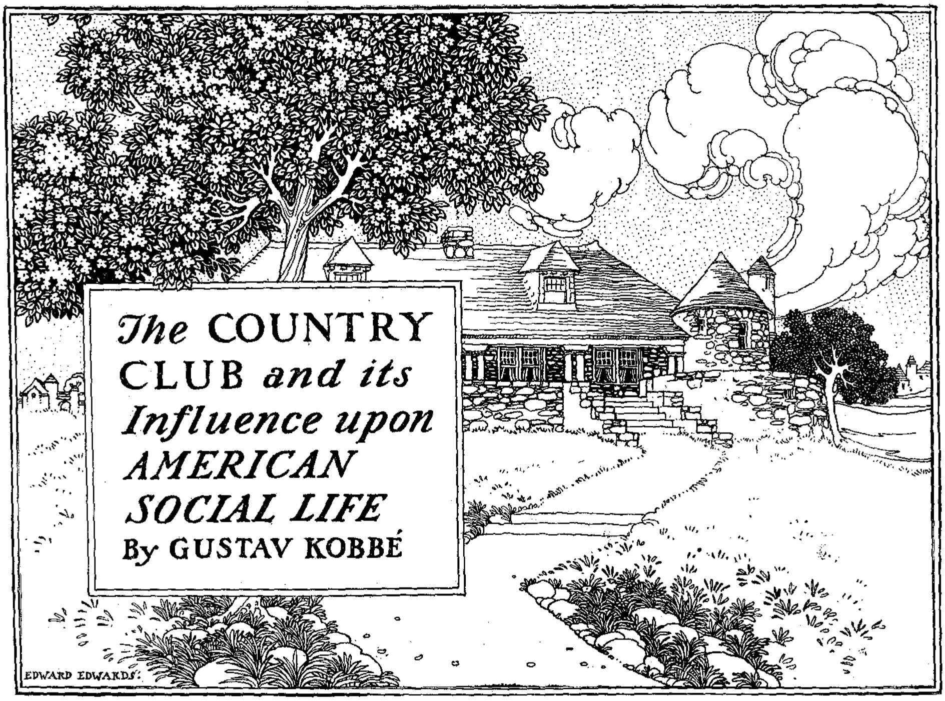

C. McKnight Smith
1901

THE INDEPENDENCE

Drawn by C. McKnight Smith



THE ATLANTIC CITY COUNTRY CLUB
The Vardon-Douglas-Harriman Golf Match, March, 1900.



The COUNTRY CLUB and its Influence upon AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE

By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

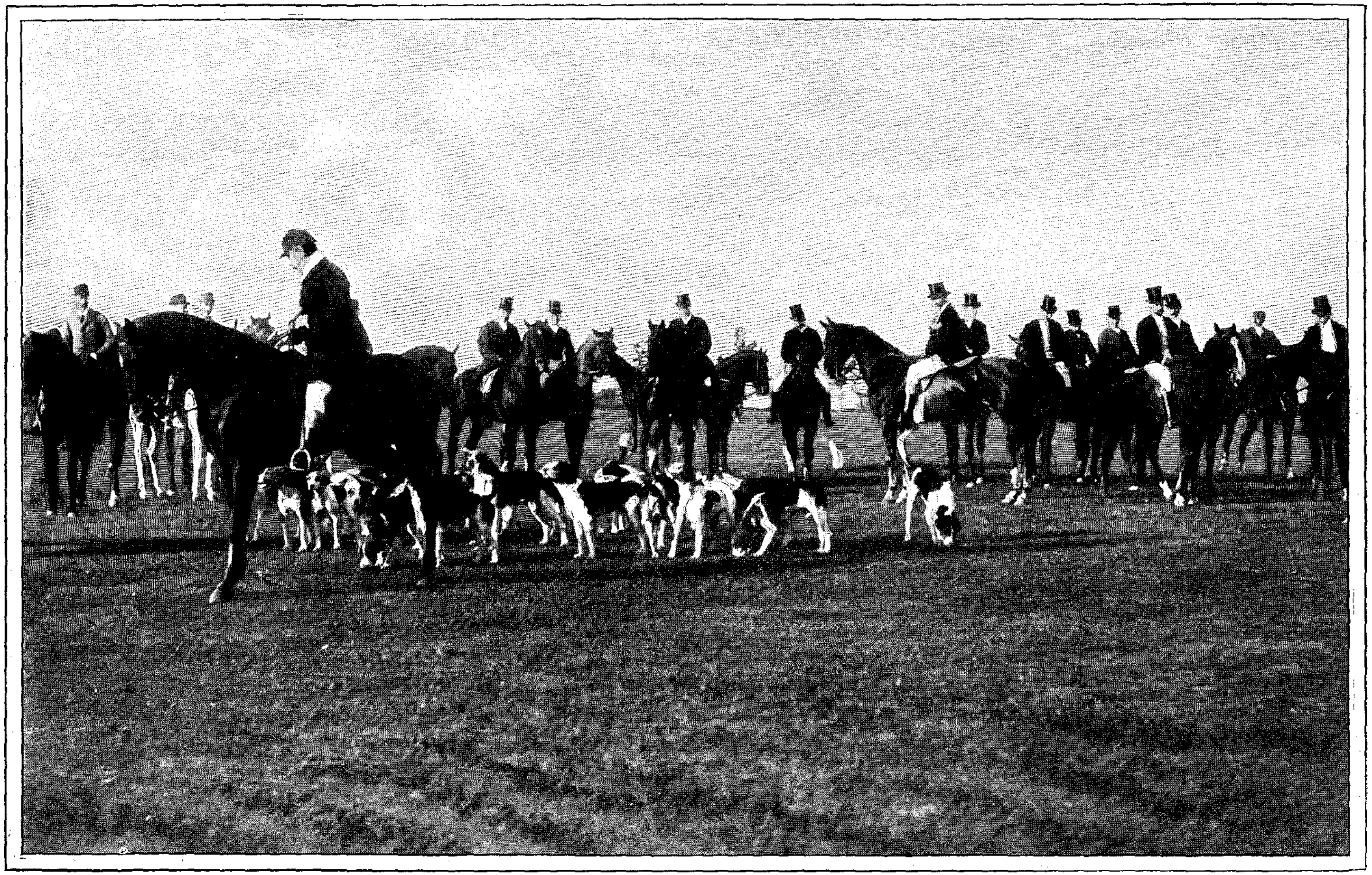
SOME years ago, before the days of country clubs—and of golf—I resided in a suburb. I had intended saying that I lived there, but after due consideration have refrained from using that term. For "living" in that suburb more nearly resembled premature burial.

Occasionally, however, the little community managed temporarily to resuscitate itself. There was a very pretty casino with a hall for dancing and a stage. Most of the time its doors were locked as tightly as the portals of a tomb. During these long periods it was of no use to the place. It was merely a building—a shell of brick, stucco, and slate, with no sound of merriment within.

At long intervals, however—say about every three months—the community would, as if through the action of unconscious cerebration, rouse itself from its coma, and, by a common impulse of desperation, proceed to convince itself that it still was alive. It appointed a reception committee, the casino was unlocked, decorated with plants and draperies—and beautifully, too—and the community gave a dance. Then, as if dazed by its own temerity, it lapsed again into its usual coma, varied only by occasional small dinners at which one met the same people and always heard the same things about the same babies. But that casino served a useful purpose. At stated intervals it enabled a community to prove to its own satisfaction that it was not yet ready to be invited to its own funeral.

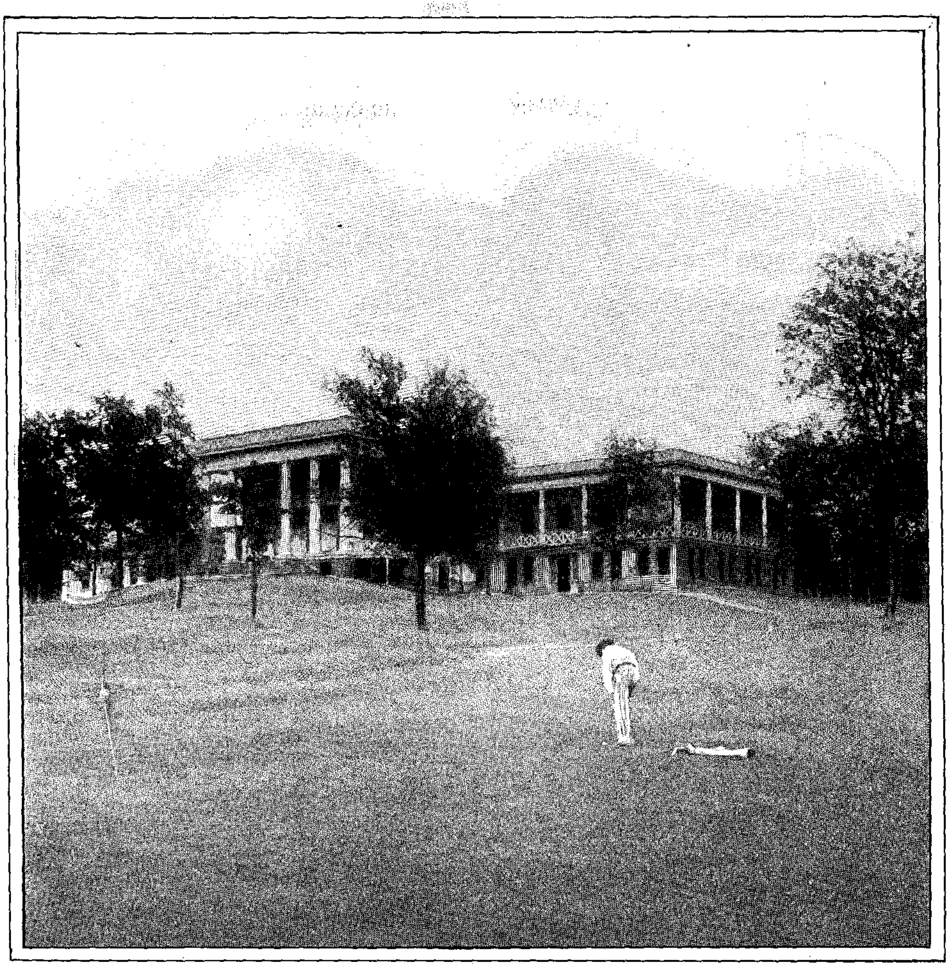
Now this suburb, partly through its own charms and the taste with which its founder planned and laid it out, partly through the influence of a very flourishing country club in its immediate neighborhood, has become a live little place—so busy enjoying itself that its residents probably have quite forgotten the time when two or three dances at a casino, which betweentimes was locked up, constituted the annual sum total of communal enjoyment. Yet that casino, as then conducted, was a type of the tentative American country club before it was made the center of some popular sport. After that it gradually became the center of much incidental social activity.

The old-time casino—for ten years ago is "old time" in the history of the clubs which now fairly swarm all over the United States—played a small part in social life compared with the modern country club. Then the country resident was such in



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BIDWELL

THE MEADOWBROOK HOUNDS



THE EXMOOR CLUB OF CHICAGO

name only. Projected at half-past seven in the morning through twenty or thirty miles of space, more or less tunneled and odoriferous, and back again in the evening, he was fit for nothing but to "rest up" in order to stand the same experience the following day. To live in the country simply meant to sleep there. The balance of the suburban resident's existence was divided between express trains and the city. But with the introduction of sport as a feature of country life—and especially of that sensible, democratic, and reasonably economical sport, golf—and the general adoption of the Saturday half-holiday, it is remarkable how much time the country resident finds he can give to healthful outdoor exercise and social recreation. The Nation is beginning to find as much fascination in driving a golf-ball as in driving a bargain. There is as much difference between country life before the establishment of the country club and now, as between the old-time crawling family hack and the smart turnout which drives up to the station and has to be kept well in hand lest it start off while you still have one foot on the step.

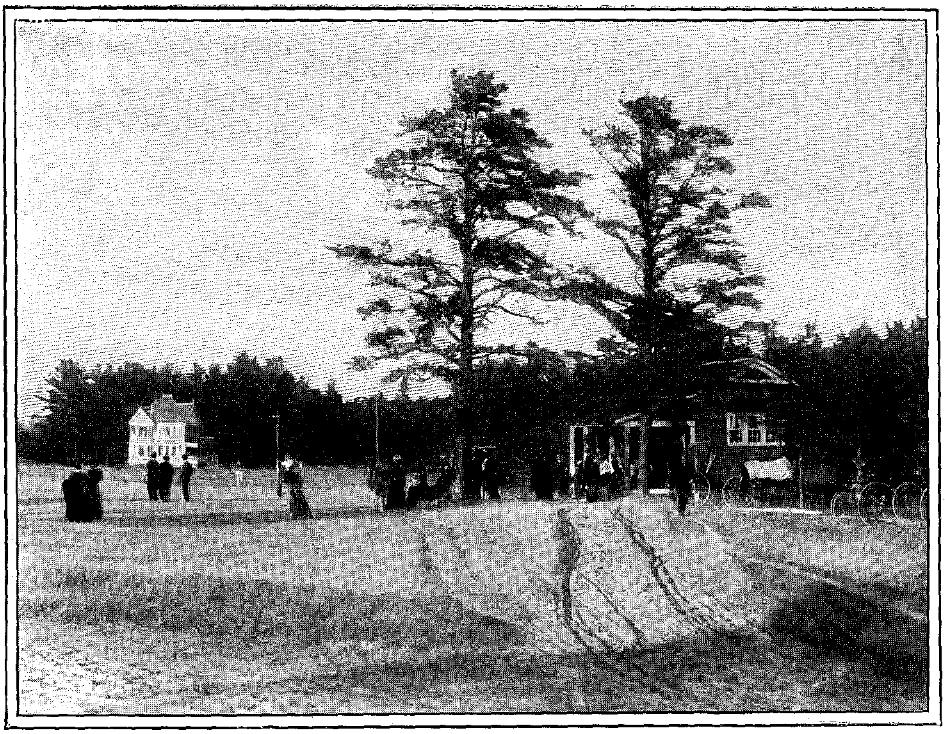
If Waterloo was won on the Rugby gridiron, it is not impossible that Santiago was captured at the American country club. For the growth of outdoor amusement and the consequent increasing physical snap and vigor of American men and women has been one of the striking phenomena of the past decade. Understand, the country club is an outcome of the growing love of sport; not sport of the country club. But alongside of sport there has sprung up a very agreeable social activity in country club life. Nor is it without its important sociological bearing. In this day, which is marked by a vast increase of city population, it tends to act as a check upon pernicious physical restrictions. For it draws, if only at intervals, large numbers from the city to the suburbs.

Right here is the special point of the country club. It really is not a country club at all, but a suburban one. Of course this statement is subject to exceptions. But most of these are summer clubs—the club at Shinnecock Hills, for example—which are closed, or practically so, during the winter. They are country clubs in the sense that one cannot comfortably reach them from the city for an afternoon's outing and get back again. But they are not country clubs in that they are the sporting and social center of a large rural territory. They are not outgrowths of the yearnings on the part of a real local community for sporty recreation and social intercourse. For the real local community is engaged in catching fish, building boats, waiting at the wharf for the steamboat to come in, saving people from wrecks, eating pies and crullers, weaving rag carpets, and spinning yarns in the country store. The club exists for a summer colony, which, though it appear regularly with the ides of May, vanishes expeditiously with the calends of October, leaving no one behind save the caretaker and the caddies (if, as usually is the case, it be primarily a golf club) and a few occasional enthusiasts, who, when snow comes, play with red-painted balls.

After all, this is only a summer club for a summer colony. If your vision is keen, you can stand on the veranda and see two miles to the south just such another club, two miles to the north another, and others to the east and west. The summer resorts and winter resorts of the whole country are sprinkled with them. In a sense they are country clubs. But the real, all-the-year-round country club, so called, is, strictly speaking, suburban, and owes its importance sociologically to that fact. It exists because the American who does business in a city, or lives there, has been seized with an uncontrollable and most commendable desire to be outdoors; and it promises to be the safety-valve of an overworked Nation. Yes, it has attained the dignity of National importance. It is found where the Bay of Fundy tides surge against the rock-bound coast of Maine; where the Pacific rolls in upon California, Oregon, and Washington; where the

PHOTOGRAPH BY T. C. TURNER

LUNCHEON ON THE LAWN—PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. C. TURNER

THE BEAVER MEADOW CLUB, CONCORD, N. H.

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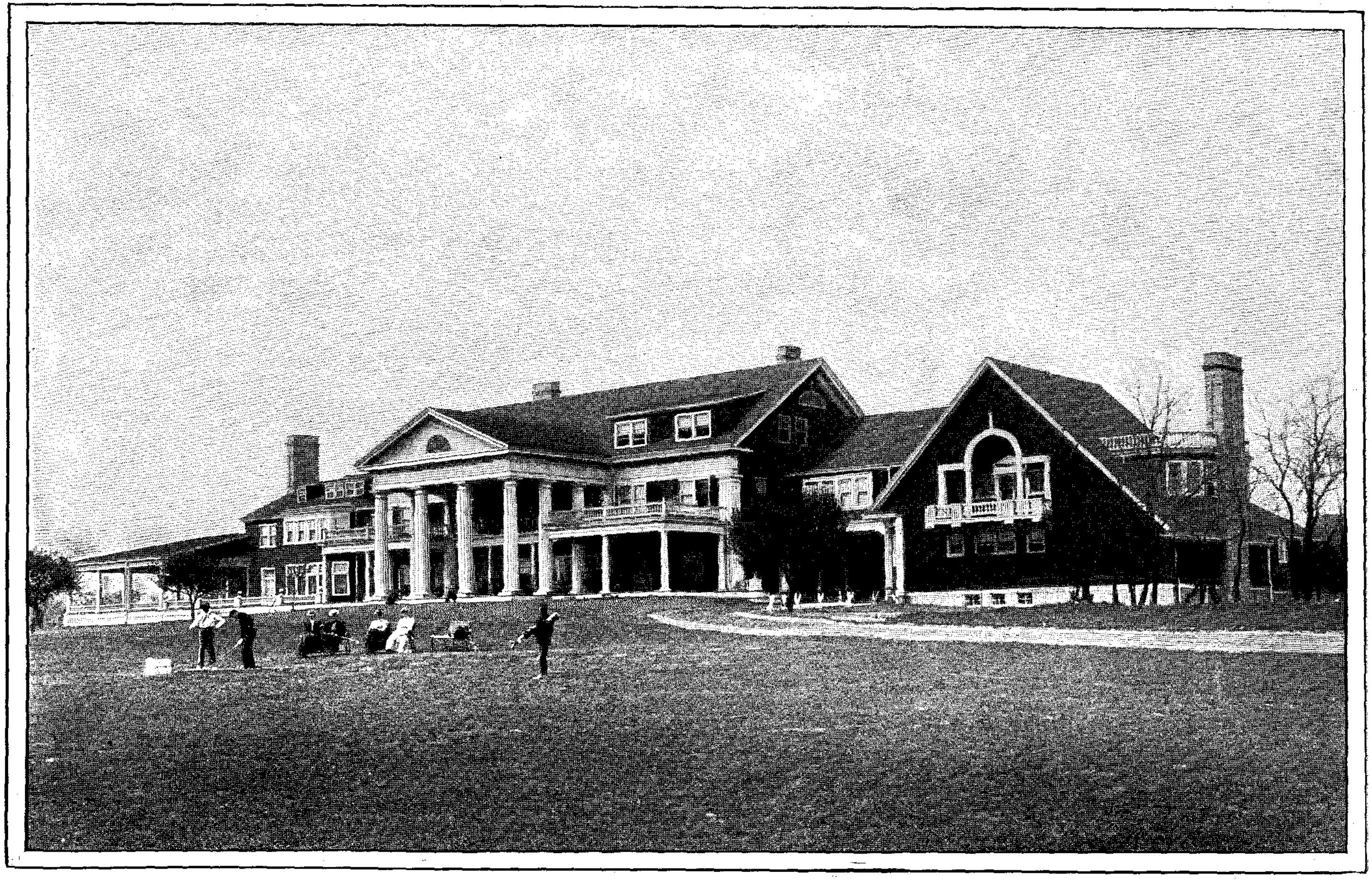
THE FLUSHING GOLF CLUB, LONG ISLAND



THE MIDLOTHIAN CLUB OF CHICAGO

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BIDWELL

AT THE BELLE HAVEN CLUB, NEAR GREENWICH, CONN.

Atlantic and the Gulf lave the Florida beaches; where the central plain stretches away toward the Rockies. I do not say that there is not a country club even in Alaska. Possibly they play polo there on dog-sleds, and go a-golfing with Eskimos for caddies. I fancy, however, that they do not have ice-cream at their sociables.

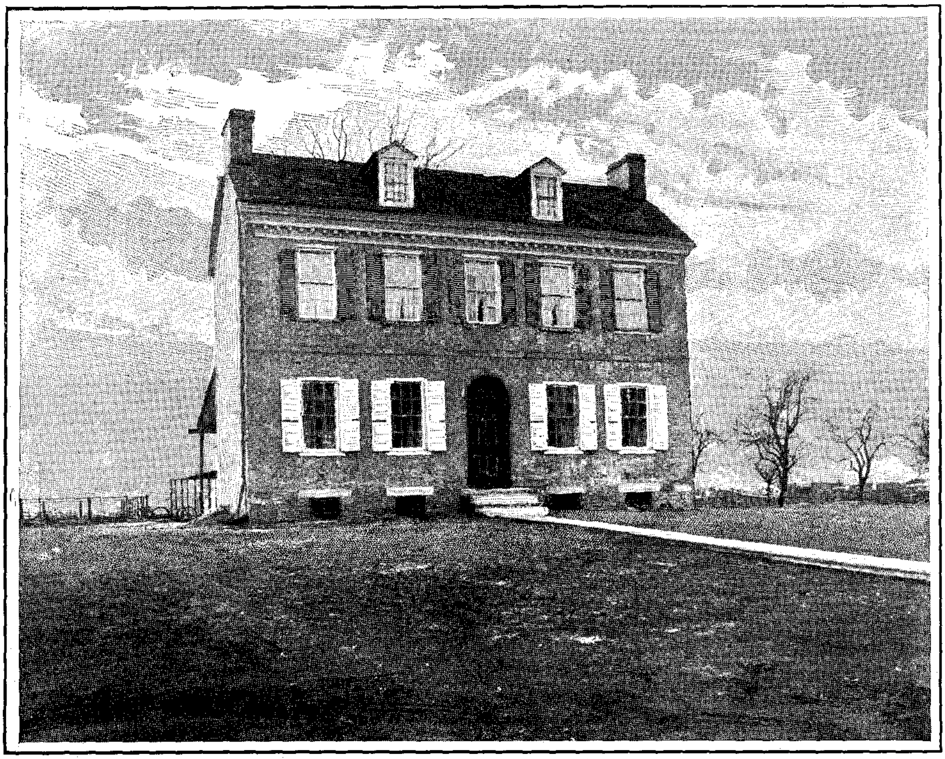
Whoever thinks that the country club is an American imitation of something English and had its origin in Anglomania is greatly mistaken. Even those clubs which owe their origin to cross-country hunting are not open to the charge. Fox-hunting is an old sport in the South. George Washington rode to hounds, and he certainly cannot be accused of Anglomania. Philadelphia, which is sometimes twigged with being rather a sleepy community, has had very wide-awake meets for over a century. In England the necessity for the specialized type of country or suburban club which we have developed does not seem to exist. Every English country-seat practically is a country club for its owner's friends. There they find mounts for the hunt, which in England is cultivated very much more as a matter of course than here, where, with the zeal with which we go into anything we once take up, we have developed cross-country hunting into rather an expensive sport. Moreover, the much-maligned American drag hunt is stiffer, far more dangerous, and more trying to nerve and grit than the usual English run. The American who rides to hounds must have not only time for the run but also possible leisure to allow broken bones to knit together. For these reasons, while in England you hear the oy-yoy-yow of the pack, the ho-halloo, or the winding of the hunter's horn at every turn, you can count the American hunt clubs on your fingers' ends.

Yet the special feature of the American

hunt clubs—the drag—shows their relation to the city and brings into prominence the peculiar suburban character of the American country club. It is a near-by resort for the city man as well as a recreation center for the suburb in which it happens to be located. The city man who goes down to Hempstead in the afternoon because he wants to be well shaken up for thirty minutes following the Meadowbrook hounds over turf, stone, and timber, must have his run for a certainty. It is not always possible to start a live fox from cover even in a country where foxes abound. The English country gentleman's friends, if disappointed one day, can try again the next. But the American city man, who has snatched a few hours from an afternoon and who may have to be at his office the next morning, must have what he is after on the spot; and with the drag he gets it. The hunt clubs and polo clubs in this country still are very few in number. They were, however, our pioneer country clubs. Moreover, they offer fine, manly sport. The writer who starts off with reference to the "wily aniseed bag" is coming a cropper early in the run, for he shows his utter ignorance of what he is attempting to write about. However, these clubs are too much the exception and too expensive in the sport and society they offer to be properly classed with the typical country or suburban club I have in mind.

The club at Tuxedo has golf, coaching, sport with rod and gun, and all kinds of winter sport. But it caters to a very wealthy park community and their friends, and is too exclusive to be typical. *Si non e' vero e' ben' trovato*—but it is said that if a hunter in the thickest of the Tuxedo forest finds himself yearning for something to sustain the inner man, he need only press a button on the nearest tree, whereupon a liveried club servant appears with the "bracer" on a tray.

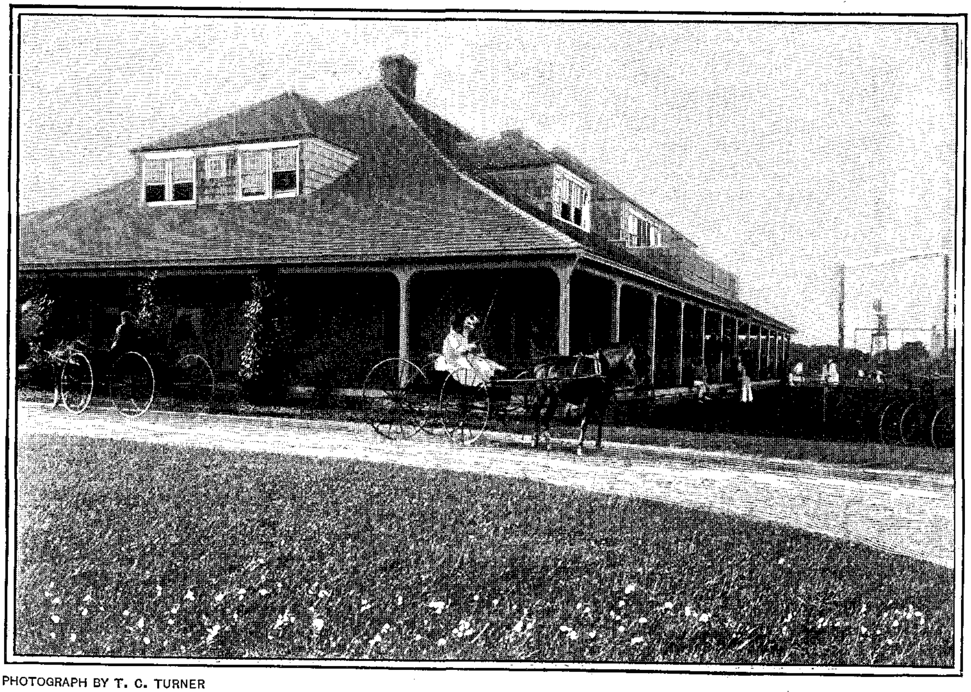
A club which offers relief from the great strain of important public questions to people high in official life at the National Capital is the Chevy Chase, named from the Washington suburban summer



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. C. TURNER

THE ARONIMINK CLUB HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

The building is over 100 years old.



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. C. TURNER

THE MAIDSTONE CLUB AT EAST HAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

settlement in which it is located. Of course a club called Chevy Chase could not fail to indulge in cross-country hunting. The meets are notable occasions, and the club has a fine steeplechase course on which mounts often are put to the test over pretty stiff obstacles.

But besides the pack and the steeplechase course this club can be used in less expensive ways. It is a hunt club, with all the other features a suburban club can offer. It has tennis-courts and enthusiastically patronized golf links, besides a charming club-house which is the center of much rational social recreation. The house itself has an air of good breeding. It is an old Maryland mansion with porticoes and broad verandas, and has been left as it was in colonial days, except for a wing with a ball-room which has been added. A near-by grove has been found delightful during the summer sultriness for *al fresco* teas and suppers.

But it is golf which more than any other sport or social attraction has here, as everywhere else, made the club generally useful to its members. Many prominent public men are devotees of the game, and find in it great relaxation from the severe strain of official life. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States do not consider themselves lapsing too much from their dignity when wielding a mashie, or fear that they may get into a legal bunker at their next session if they devote too much time to lofting a stymie. Justice Harlan is on the links almost every suitable day. Secretary Gage and Postmaster-General Smith are devotees who owe their enthusiasm to the example of former Attorney-General Griggs, whose successor, Attorney-General Knox, is equally fond of the game. Secretary Root also is a golfer. It seems, in fact, as if the ability to play golf would soon become one of the necessary qualifications of a Cabinet Minister:

Senator: Mr. President, Mr. Blank unquestionably is one of the greatest living authorities on International Law. He would be an ideal Secretary of State.

The President: That is all very well, Senator Dash. But I saw him top his ball the other day.

Senator: I realize, Mr. President, that under such circumstances his appointment is impossible; and I withdraw my indorsement.

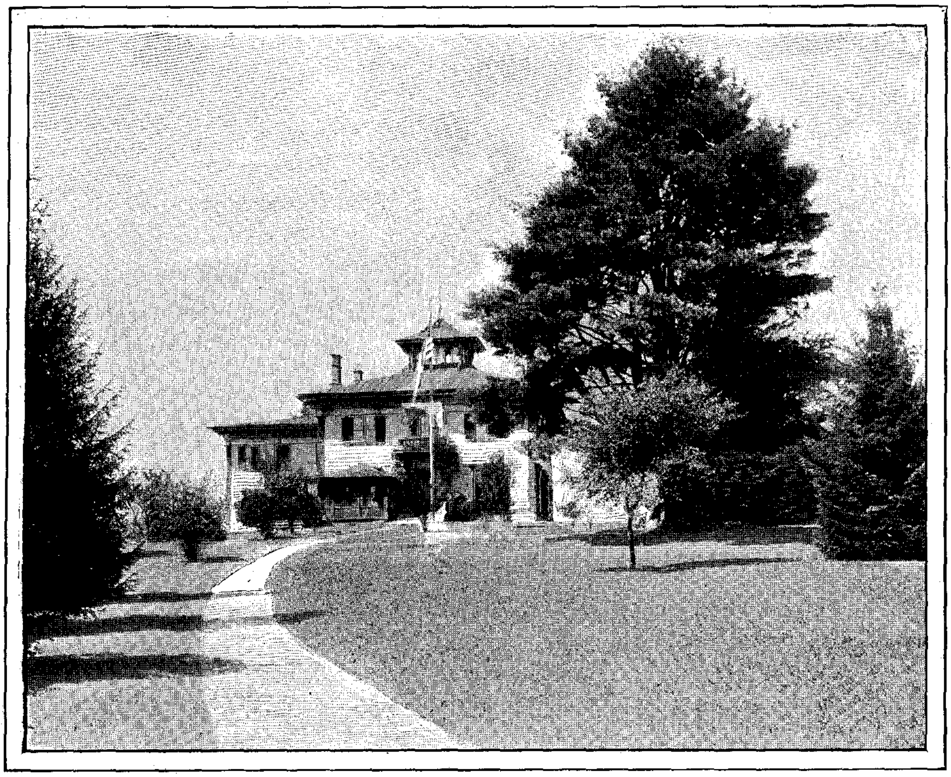
But to my mind the club which is an admirable example of those which most wholly fulfill their purpose, or I may say their duty toward the community in which they are located, is the Brooklawn Club of Bridgeport, Conn. It affords various kinds of sensible and inexpensive sport—golfing and archery in summer, bowling and skating in winter, and much informal social enjoyment all the year around. The elaborate social function, that insidious foe of social intercourse of the true, delightful kind, has not yet cast its blight upon Brooklawn. The club is democratic without being promiscuous, exclusive without being snobbish.

Bridgeport is a city of over seventy thousand inhabitants. Yet the club, with its picturesque house sensibly made over from an old farm dwelling, its casino and bowling-alley in what was the old barn, its little lake, its varied golf links with all the picturesqueness of rural surroundings and views of distant hills and water, is just on the edge of the city and within ten minutes' trolley ride of the business center. It is possible for a lawyer, for instance, to leave his office at noon, play over the links, have a shower, rub-down, and luncheon, and be in his office again in time for a very fair afternoon's work.

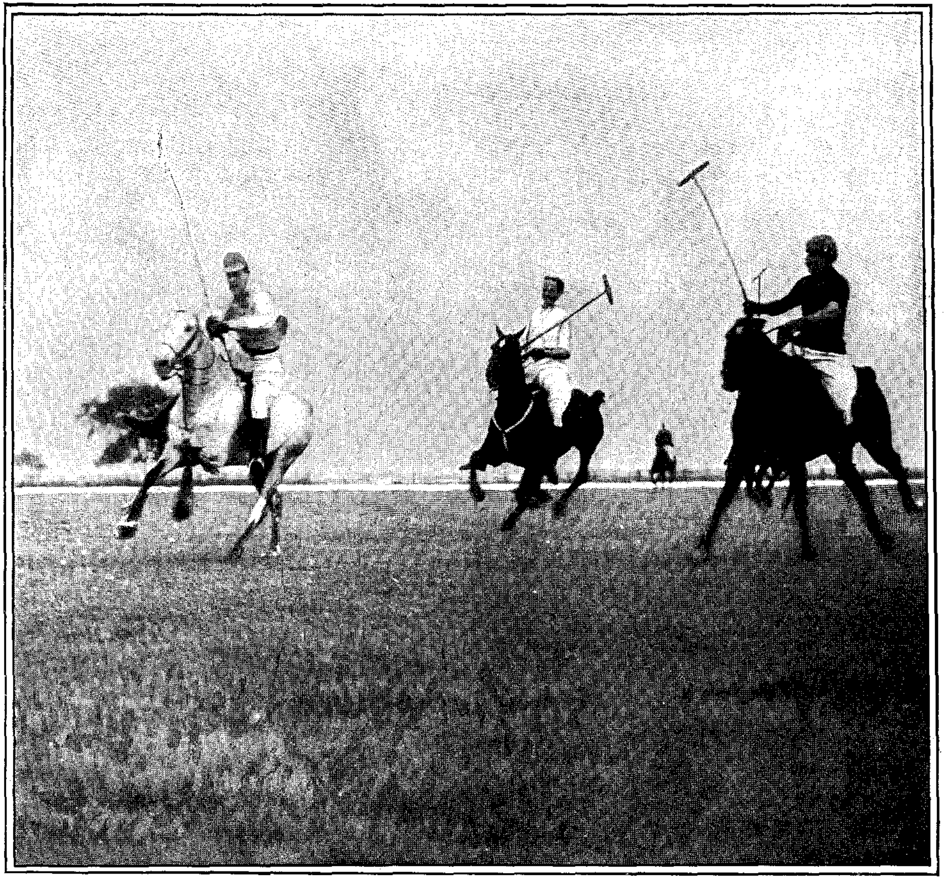
The social side of the club is very well managed, as will appear from details which I am enabled to give on the authority of Mr. William T. Hincks, one of the signers of the original articles of incorporation, and which should prove suggestive and helpful to people who contemplate the formation of country clubs.

Since its organization in 1895 the Brooklawn Club has had a ladies' committee, whose duty it has been to take entire charge of the social side of the club. The women's committee consists of twelve ladies named by the Board of Governors at the beginning of each club year. One member takes upon herself the supervision of the entertainments for each month in the year. Ordinarily she associates some half a dozen others with her, thus making a sub-committee on entertainments for each month.

At the beginning of every month each club member receives a printed programme of the entertainments for that month. These entertainments, in summer, consist largely of putting contests, archery matches, afternoon teas, etc. In winter a more varied line is presented. Bowling parties, minstrel shows, ice carnivals,



THE AMHERST COUNTRY CLUB, AMHERST, MASS.



PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BIDWELL

A POLO MATCH AT ROCKAWAY

Messrs. Baldwin, Whitney, and Connover.

dinners, dances theatricals, wax-works, card parties, salmagundi parties, candy pulls, and other events take place. The casino has a fine dancing-hall on the second floor. On the first floor are the bowling-alleys. Upstairs and downstairs are lighted with electricity supplied from the trolley company, whose lines run to the club's very doors.

Alongside of the alleys are benches on which the spectators and participants are ranged. Every one is expected to contest. One string is rolled by each contestant. About half of those participating can roll on one night, the balance the next. On the third night the two highest scorers among the men and among the women roll two strings in the finals, for first and second prizes.

It is rare fun for the spectators to watch some of the novices bowl. Their balls pound along the alley, or roll off into the gutter, or go *so* slowly. The performer faces a long vista of interested faces as he discharges the ball. If his shot is a good one, he gathers a royal meed of praise; if a poor one, unstinted guying is his lot. After the contest all hands adjourn to the club-house for a light supper, and then home by the trolleys.

Another favorite entertainment is to have the steward serve a table d'hôte dinner—he furnishes a capital one for a dollar—and then have a little informal dance in the casino. Card parties are popular with the older people, and are largely attended and keenly contested by those whose dancing days are gone by. Shuffleboard on the glass-inclosed veranda also is popular, and is sometimes the means of furnishing an evening's entertainment.

Last winter the club had a candy pull where everybody pulled at platters of boiled molasses. The announcement contained the notice that every woman must bring two aprons, and they did. Then there was a New England supper—served by the steward for seventy-five cents. The decorations were sheaves of corn, strings of dried apples, and the like. The bill of fare was made up of baked beans, doughnuts, apple sauce, cider, pumpkin pie, and mince pie.

There is a little lake on the grounds about fifty feet from the club-house, and when this is frozen in winter some pleasant ice parties are held. Huge brush fires light the pond, and when skating is over every one goes and sits by the crackling logs in the club-house and eats Scotch woodcock, "while the wicked regale themselves with a smoking-hot apple toddy."

The following is a fair sample of the monthly programme:

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENTS FOR DECEMBER

Saturday, December 2. Tea, at 4:30 P.M.

Wednesday, December 6. Dance in Casino, 8:30 P.M.

Saturday, December 9. Shuffleboard Match, 4 P.M. Tea, 5 P.M.

Thursday, December 14. Ladies' Euchre, 10 A.M. Table d'Hôte Luncheon, 1 P.M. (Fifty cents. Notify steward by 9 A.M.)

Saturday, December 16. Tea, 4:30 P.M.

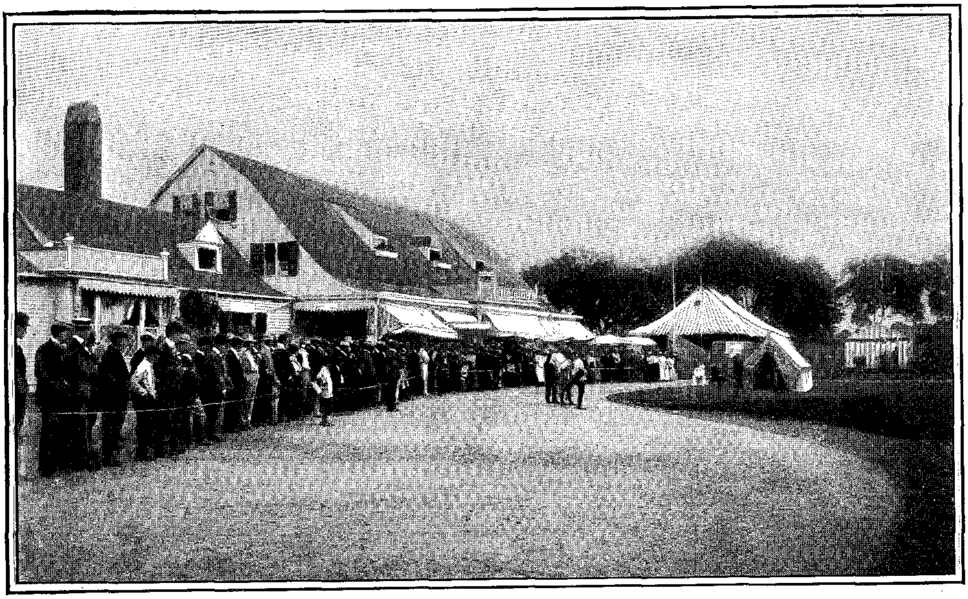
Wednesday, December 20. Cotillion in Casino, 8:30 P.M. (Send acceptances to Chairman by Tuesday night.) Steward will serve a table d'hôte dinner at 6:30. One dollar.

Saturday, December 23. Tea, 4:30 P.M. First Night Bowling Match, 8 P.M.

Tuesday, December 26. Second Night Bowling Match.

Thursday, December 28. Christmas Children's Party, 3 P.M. Skating Party, Evening.

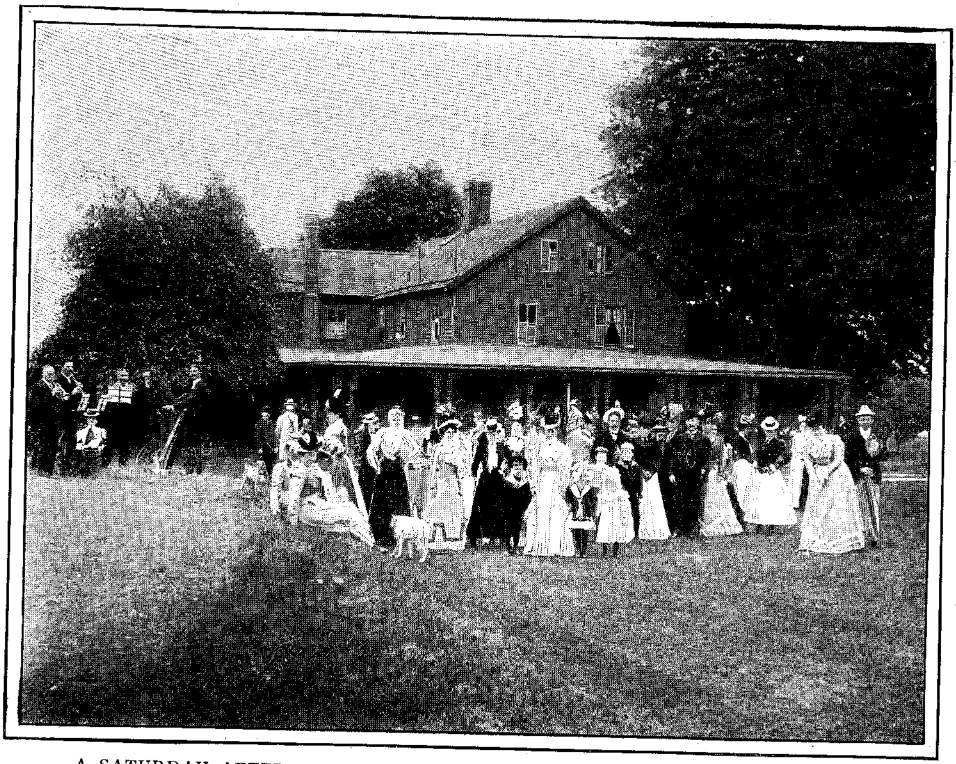
This programme says little about golf because the month is December. But golf is the mainstay of the Brooklawn Club, as of nearly all the other country clubs. Most of these were in fact founded solely because of golf, and that game is the only sport to which they are devoted. The Morris County Golf Club, which is one of the most notable clubs near New York, is an instance of a large club with a fine club-house given over wholly to golf, yet forming an agreeable social center. The same is true of the club at Shinnecock Hills. In fact, nearly all golf clubs have their social side.



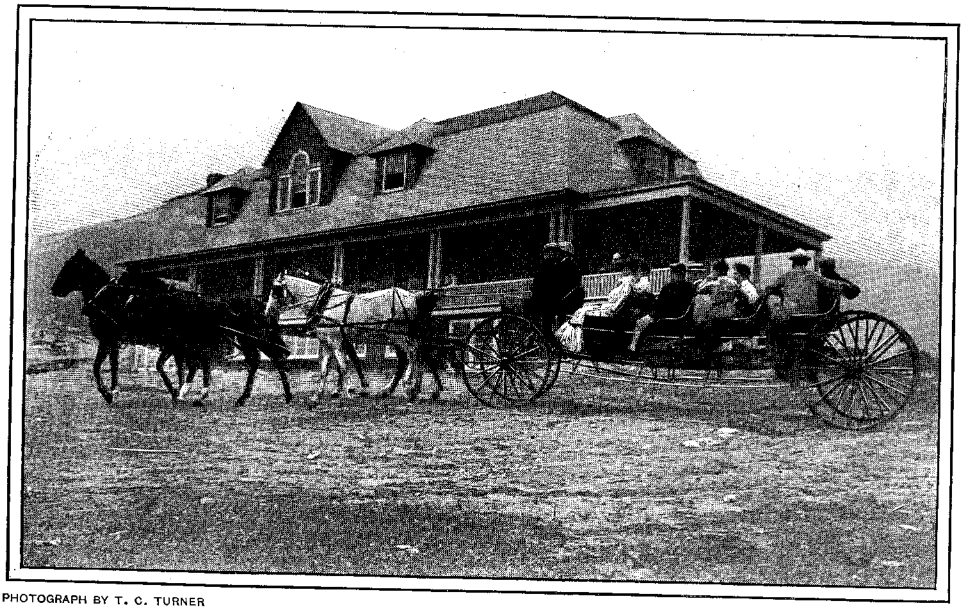
PHOTOGRAPH BY T. C. TURNER

A TOURNAMENT AT THE MORRIS COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

To golf more than any other game this country owes its ever-increasing love of outdoor recreation. No hotel man would think of building a winter or summer house unless he first considered its location with regard to the golf links, or would think of undertaking to start a new resort without having links laid out before opening his house. Golf is the most rational sport in which man or woman, young or old, can take part; and as between man and woman, it is delightfully chummy, for it takes women outdoors as well as men, and often takes them out together.



A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT THE BROOKLAWN CLUB, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. C. TURNER

ARRIVING AT THE EKWANOK CLUB, MANCHESTER, VERMONT

The country must have been just ripe for golf, since it spread like wildfire when once it got a good start. A magazine article on country clubs written only seven years ago barely mentioned golf, and, if I remember it correctly, does not refer to a single golf club. It is devoted to a few hunt and polo clubs. In number these do not appear to have increased much since then. "The corner-stone of the country club is Horse," says the writer of the article in question. Were he writing now he would say that not only the corner-stone, but the cellar, the ground floor, the bel-étage, the attic, the roof, and the chimney-pots of the country club was golf.

In 1887 the St. Andrews Golf Club was founded with links at Yonkers, N. Y. (Its present superb course is at Mount Hope, about a mile from a roadside station on the New York and Putnam branch of the New York Central Railroad.) It was the only golf club in the United States. For some years the game practically remained unknown in the United States beyond the limits of this club. The United States Golf Association was not formed until the winter of 1894, and the first National championship meeting under its auspices not held until 1895.

Now there are in this country, in round numbers, 1,050 clubs maintaining golf links, and most of them calling themselves golf clubs, though the use of the term country club is fairly frequent. But even most of the country clubs, so called, merely are golf clubs with facilities for social recreation. New York State alone has 163 golf clubs distributed all over the State; Massachusetts nearly as many—158; Oklahoma, Montana, Arizona—all maintain the game; and California has 43 golf clubs. Clubs devoted to golf range over the entire country, and vary in name from the Kissimmee of Florida to the Squirrel Island of Maine; from the Nashouohkamuk of Massachusetts to the Santa Catalina of California. Wherever you go it is "Fore!"

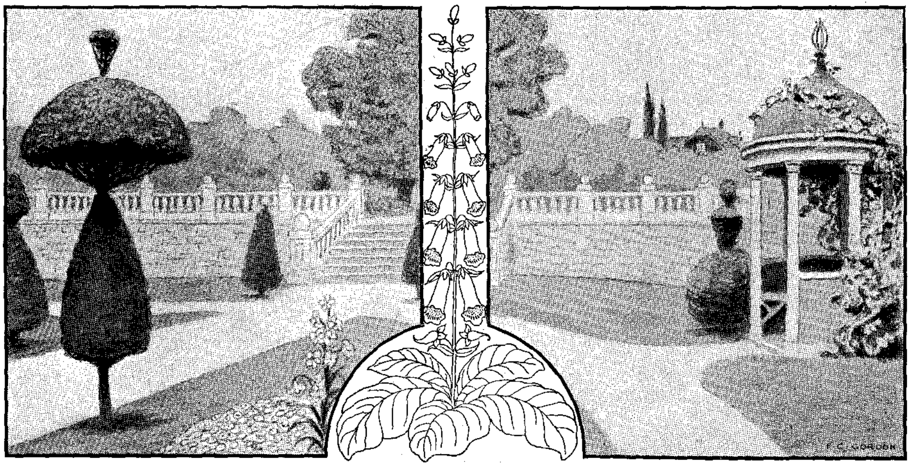
For the sake of using a generic term we may say that it is the country club that has taken America outdoors. But sound the country club and you will find it has a golf heart. It is a golf club. But really, when it comes to clubs—what's in a name? It is what they are doing for the Nation that counts.

Room

By Henry Johnstone

What's life in a city? There's no room to spare,
Men are crowded in corners and scanted of air;
Too near to be neighbors, too fretful for friends,
Each man jostles each as he seeks his own ends.
There are folk underneath you, and folk overhead,
And the noise of the street comes to vex you in bed:
The jangle of car-bells, the cab-whistle shrill,
All the hum and the whir and the dust of the mill
That is grinding all day and grows louder at night,
Conspire against comfort and banish delight.
Ah God, for the country—the singing of birds,
The laughter of children, the lowing of herds,
Green grass and blue heavens, bright water, clean air,
And room enough, room enough, room and to spare!

A REVERIE OF GARDENS



BY L. H. BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

> If I could put my woods in song
>   And tell what's there enjoyed,
> All men would to my gardens throng,
>   And leave the city void.

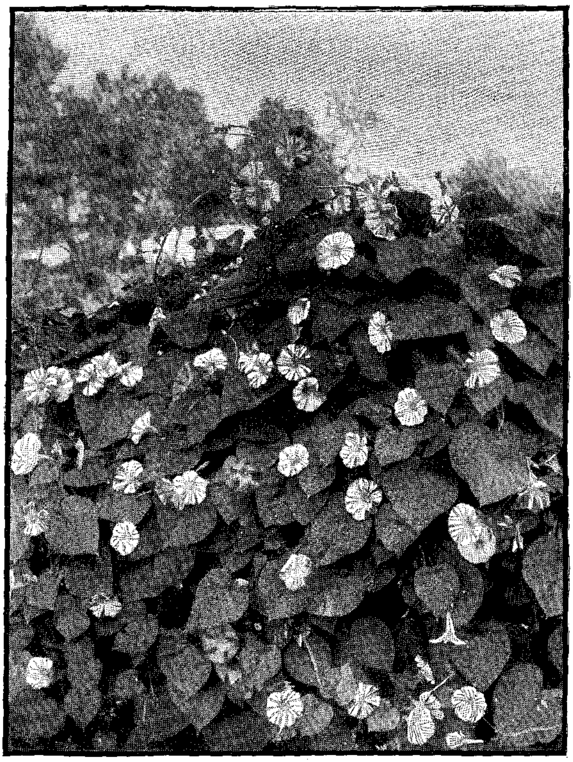
INTO this quatrain Emerson has put the expression of a universal passion—the passion to know the fields and the growing things. This desire may express itself, as with Emerson, in a longing for the place where "the savage maples grow" and "no tulips blow," or in a yearning to break the earth and make a garden.

The nature-desire may be perpetual and constant, but the garden-desire returns with every new springtime. Recently an agitation for planting was begun in the city schools of Rochester. A local seedsman put up small packets of flower seeds in ten varieties at a cent a packet; in two weeks 11,000 packets were purchased by the children. With the first warm days of spring, the city resident goes forth with spade and hoe and fills the back yard with the tomato-plants that the enterprising gardener kindly placed on sale at the grocery-store Frost kills the plants, but the amateur buys again, for the gardener has learned to keep up the supply of tender plants on the grocery stands. The vender of impossible rose-bushes finds a ready buyer. The tree-pruner, with occult knowledge and a secret remedy for all the ills of trees, discovers an easy client. It is the season of expectancy. Every bud is a promise. The soft, sweet-smelling earth is fat with possibilities. With a lavish hand the planter plants. The days are sweet and cool. The air is new and clean. But presently the days become pinched. The air is humming hot. The bugs grow to fatness. The weeds come. Dust settles over the herbage like a coat of ashes. One by one the plants smother and die. The enthusiasm of springtime is withering, and in the parching suns of August it is but a memory. Then come the sad ripe days of autumn. The mellow sunshine and falling leaves force one out of doors. Every nook and corner of the place is visited, for the winter is coming when the mystery of sleep will be on the garden. We snuggle the tender crowns over with leaves. We fill the beds with hardy bulbs. We see the last leaf fall. Next spring the old enthusiasm will burn again.

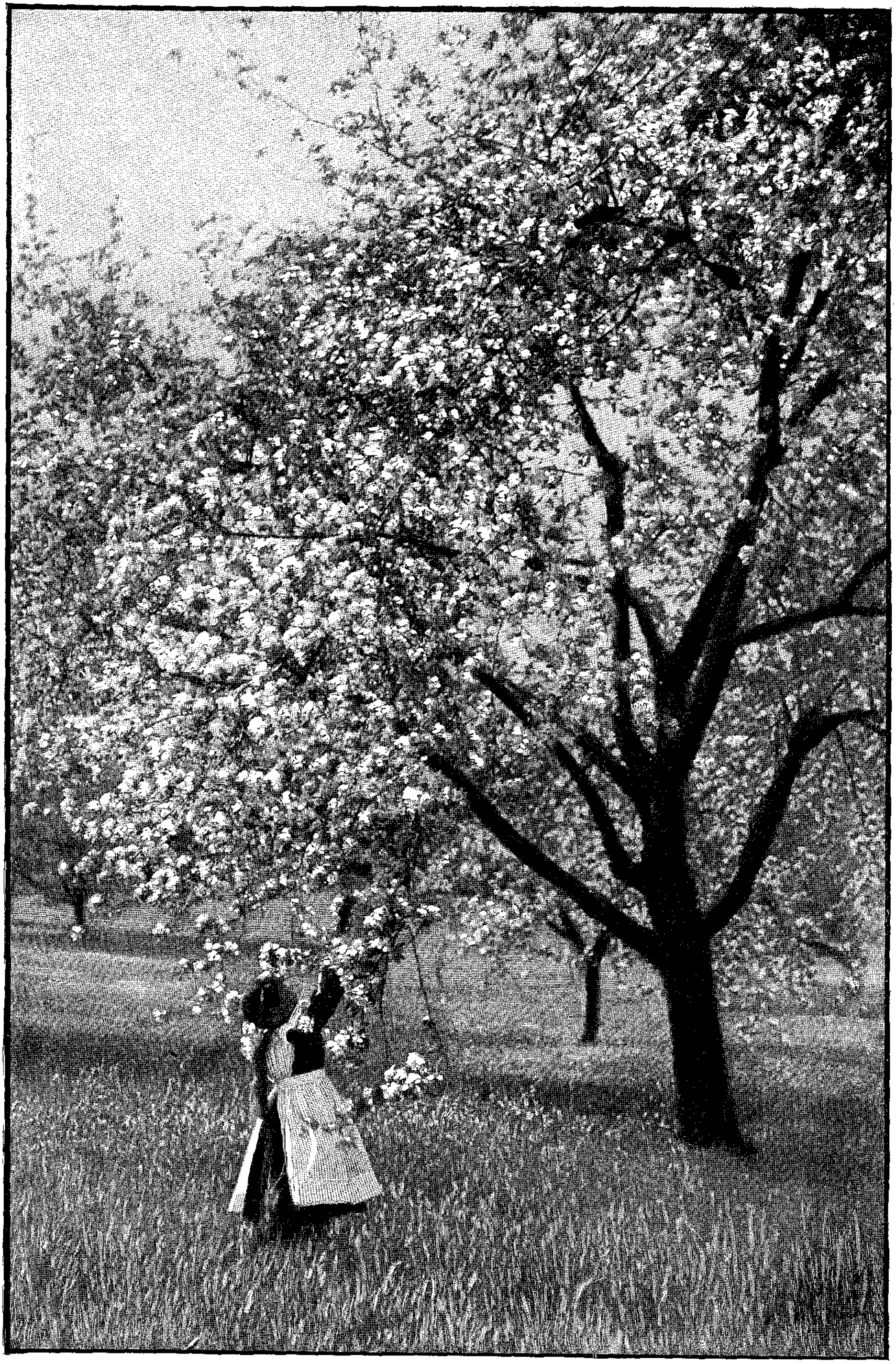
Does my reader recognize the picture? Does he not remember how often he has questioned whether, after all, it is worth the while to make a garden, because it is cheaper to buy his plants than to raise them? If so, then listen! The value of a garden, as of every other good thing, is in the pleasant impulse as much as in the final product. Just to have handled the clean new earth, and to have sown the seed, and to have thought about the garden at morning and at night—this is worth the effort. You have had a new experience. You have come nearer to nature. Next fall the Rochester children will make an exhibition of their plants. Some of them, favored by good soil or aided by brother or sister, will make a beautiful display. Others will look on silently and perhaps sadly, for they will have failed; but my heart will go out to these, for perhaps they will have gained as much as their comrades, if only they could know it.

It is an interesting fact that, with all the segregation of people into cities, the sales of seeds and plants are increasing immensely. It would seem that there is no limit to the number of things in which men and women can find interest. With all the increasing complexities of civilization and the wearing details of business, we are interested in a greater number of incidental and secondary things than our fathers were. The very stress of our lives is driving us to nature for respite. An interest in plants is part of our culture and our leisure, akin to the interest in books and pictures and music.

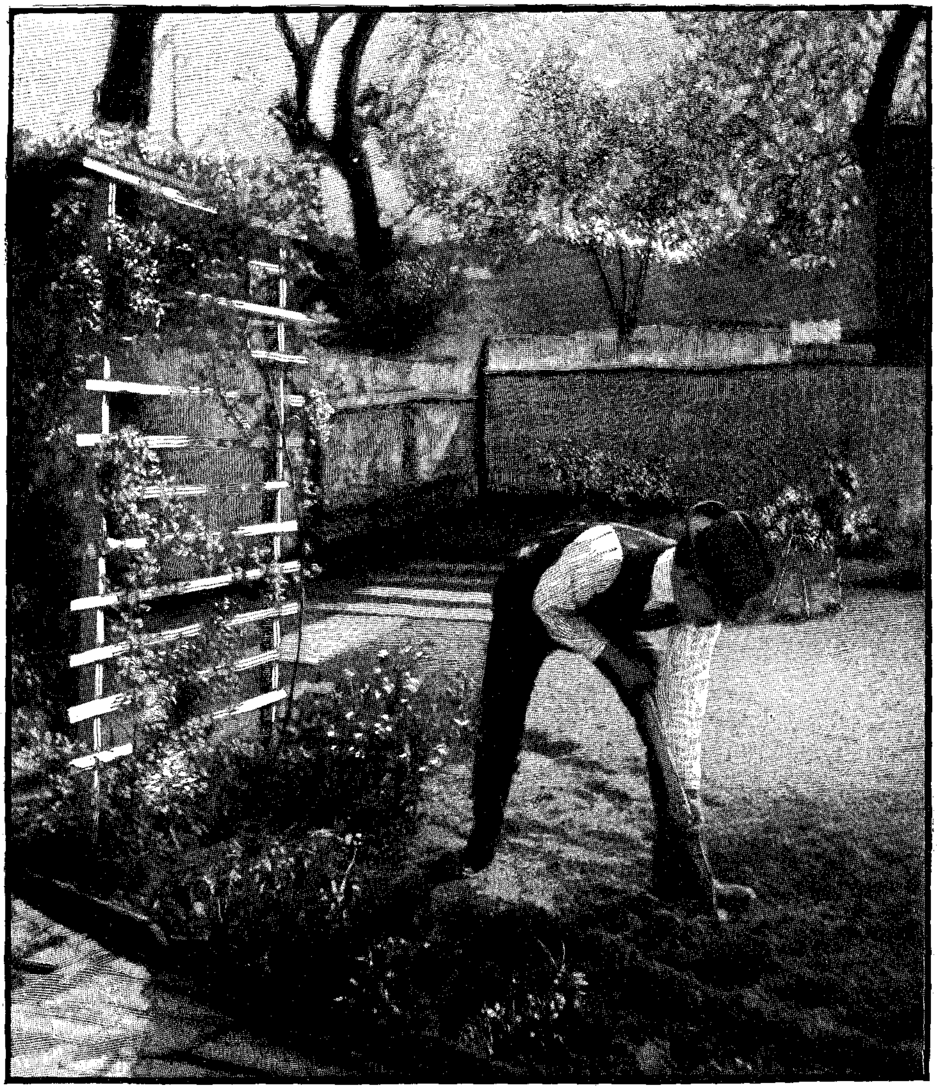
Sooner or later, every person feels this desire to plant something. It is the return to Eden, the return to ourselves after the long estrangement of our artificial lives. One of us dreams of a little patch of orchard bounded by cool, grassy banks. Another wants a snug and tidy garden-plat bounded by a wall and a lattice, and at one side a tinker's room of tools, rakes and hoes and watering-cans, and assorted sizes of pots, and boxes containing string and labels and screws and bits of wire. In this room he would work when the rain falls heavily on the roof and pours across the doorway from the wide-hanging eaves. Others want long, trim rows of strawberries, beets, and onions, with beds of lettuce, hills of squashes, and clumps of hyssop and sage in the corners, all ranged and labeled as the books on a shelf. Others want tumbling piles of vines shot through with wild asters and the spires of hollyhocks. Still others would roam afield and find their satisfaction in the things that by chance have found a



"THE SOFT MORNING-GLORIES REMAIN OPEN UNTIL NOON"



"ONE OF US DREAMS OF A LITTLE PATCH OF ORCHARD"



"YOURSELF THRUST THE SPADE DEEP INTO THE TENDER EARTH"

place in which to grow. But, whatever the form of the wish, the substance is the same—it is the natural man longing to express itself. It is the desire to be alone with something that understands you. I have heard the gardener talk to his plants, and not one of them disputed with him.

To one person, this desire for the out-of-doors is an expression of the art-sense. To another, it is respite and release. To another, it is the joy of seeing and touching real things. To another, it is health and physical exercise. To others, it is natural history. To others, it is gardening or farming. To some, it is communion of the soul with the great mysteries of nature.

Have you made a garden all by yourself? Then try it, if you have not. Do not delegate the work. Yourself thrust the spade deep into the tender earth. Bear your weight on the handle and feel the earth loosen and break. Turn over the load. You smell the soft, moist odor, an odor that takes you back to your younger and freer days or sends you dreaming over the fields. You have uncovered the depths where the earthworm burrows and the pupa has lain since midsummer. Run your fingers through the soil. It is mealy and fine and clean. It may have been turned a hundred times, yet it is new and virgin. You feel as if you could plant your feet in the soil and grow like a plant. Spade up the whole bed. Note how the loose earth settles into place as you draw your rake back and forth. The moisture steams from its bosom, and the drying surface affords a mulch to hold the water that lies in its depths. You are wondering what is contained in this earth. Men have spent their lives to answer that inquiry and have died without making the answer complete. Compounds of potassium and phosphorus and silicon and nitrogen and many more; millions of micro-organisms that you cannot see, and whose lives no man knows; chemical activities too complex to be analyzed; moisture and heat and magnetism; physical forces so intricate and subtle that they cannot be measured—all these are in the laboratory that you are preparing. Yet you are powerless to bring them forth into visible life. One day you will drop a speck of matter into the soil, a speck so small and round that you must depend on the label to tell whether it is cabbage or turnip or cauliflower or mustard; and, behold! a new being comes forth, endowed with life, with roots and stem and leaves and flowers and fruits and seeds, all unfolding in their appointed sequence and season! Where is the seat of this mystery, of the alchemy that makes one seed unfold into a turnip, and its counterpart into a cabbage? I often wonder how a cabbage-seed knows that it is a cabbage-seed.

You will see the fresh green heads of the perennial herbs pushing up the mold on April Fool's day. You will wonder whether they are bleeding-hearts or day-lilies, or merely wild stray things without names. You will see the tiny new things grow. You will wonder at the shapes of the leaves. You will see the first flower-bud nestled deep in the heart of the foliage. You are discovering a new world, and the quest is all the pleasanter because you have made the same discovery every spring. The longer you know the plants the more they mean to you. You never tire of old friends. The joys of association are added to the interest in the plant itself. By and by, I hope, you will learn that great fact that so few people ever learn, the fact that a plant is a plant whatever its name or kind. I sometimes wish

"THE IRISES ARE IN THEIR GLORY"

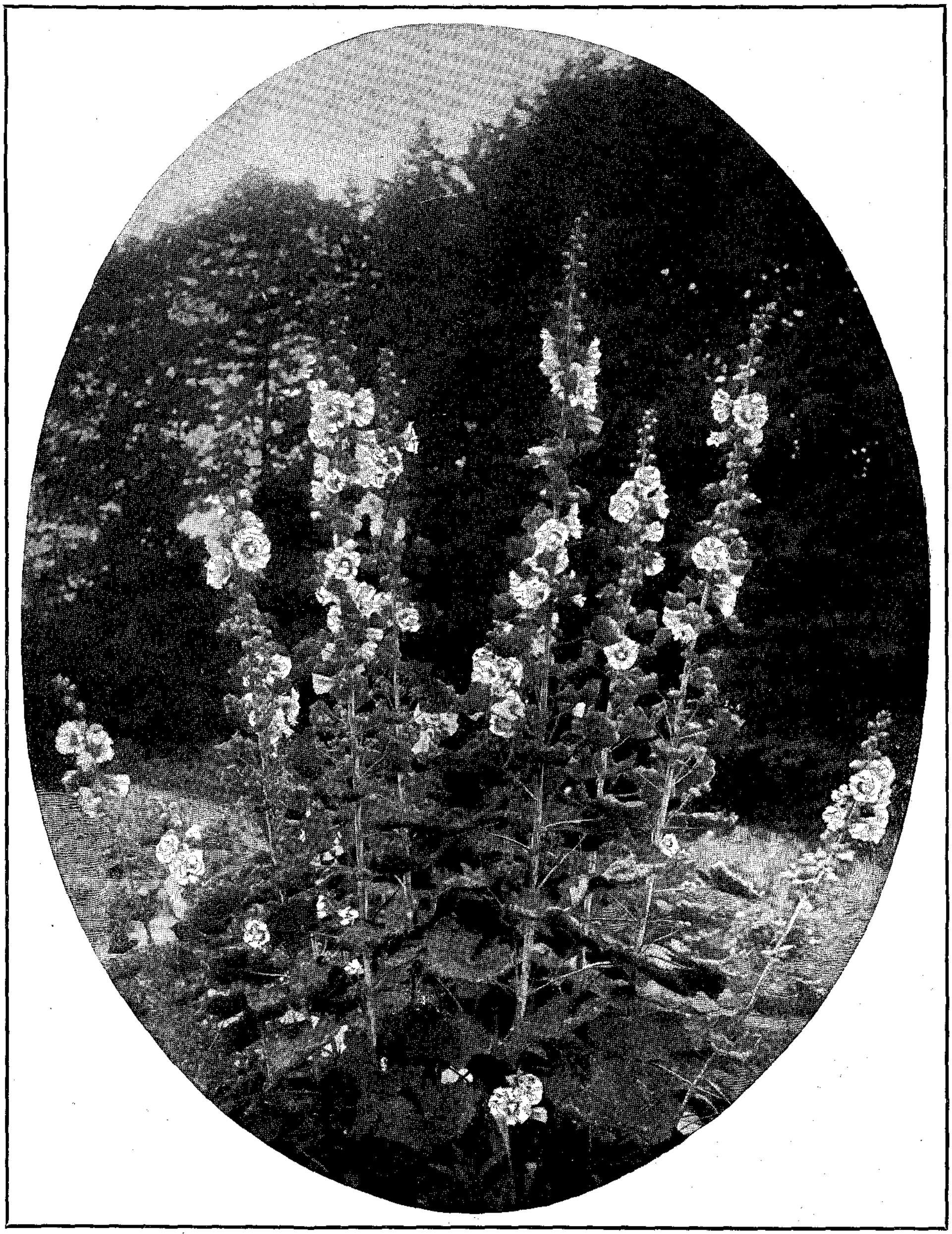
that we could transpose the names of plants; then would a violet be a dock and a dock would be a violet.

When a plant interests you because it is a plant, you have graduated in nature-wisdom. Then you will care less what are the form and fashion of your garden than that it contain plants. You will be interested in the plant itself quite as much as in its flowers or fruits. You will be interested merely to see what comes. I sometimes think that the amateur's gardening is a mild kind of gambling. Every seed is a lottery ticket. You are curious to know what will come out of it. I like to sow the mixed seeds that are left in the gardener's box, the accumulation of all the kinds that have fallen from the packets. You press the seed into the warming earth, then wait and watch. When the first tiny sprig appears, you are repaid for your effort, for this is the most interesting stage in the plant's life. I sometimes wish that the seed catalogues would tell how a plant looks when it first comes up, rather than the color of its flowers.

You will know when you like plants because they are plants—your interest in them will not depend on the flowers, nor even on the foliage. You will like plant forms. The leafless winter tree will appeal to you. The heads of teasel and the fretwork of wild carrot standing above the snow will bring you joy and peace. You will let the dry stalks stand in your garden that you may see them all winter; then will your garden be perpetual.

Of course your garden will be trim, orderly, and neat, at least when you begin. Such an arrangement indicates methodical habit and a purpose to succeed. Long straight rows at regular distances, plants

"A TRIM BORDER OF FOXGLOVES"



"SHOT THROUGH WITH THE SPIRES OF HOLLYHOCKS"

graded as to height and kind and season, add greatly to the attractiveness and purposefulness of the garden, when the garden is looked upon as a piece of effort. It will have a look of good workmanship. It will afford endless opportunity for pleasant puttering in keeping down the weeds, training the plants, removing stray shoots, and in breaking the crust of the soil. It will be easy to tend and till. There is satisfaction in a trim border of foxgloves or hollyhocks.

The best garden will be at one side of the place, or at the rear. A flower-bed in the middle of the lawn is impertinent. The flowers are at a disadvantage as compared with the roots of the sod, for these roots have first levy on food and moisture; and a bed in the lawn spoils the lawn. You will delight to fill in the

"OVERHANG THE REAR WALK WITH VISTAS OF FOLIAGE"

corners of the house with motherwort and other pleasant weeds. You will round off the corners with billows of trumpet-creeper. You will overhang the rear walk with vistas of foliage. You will scatter bright flowers in the border by the kitchen window. A garden or a plant is valuable for the place it occupies as well as for itself. There is satisfaction in the yard in which all parts blend and harmonize; it has character as a whole and as a picture. It has meaning. A yard that has individual plants scattered over it hails you as you pass; and each plant shouts, "See! I cost five dollars!"

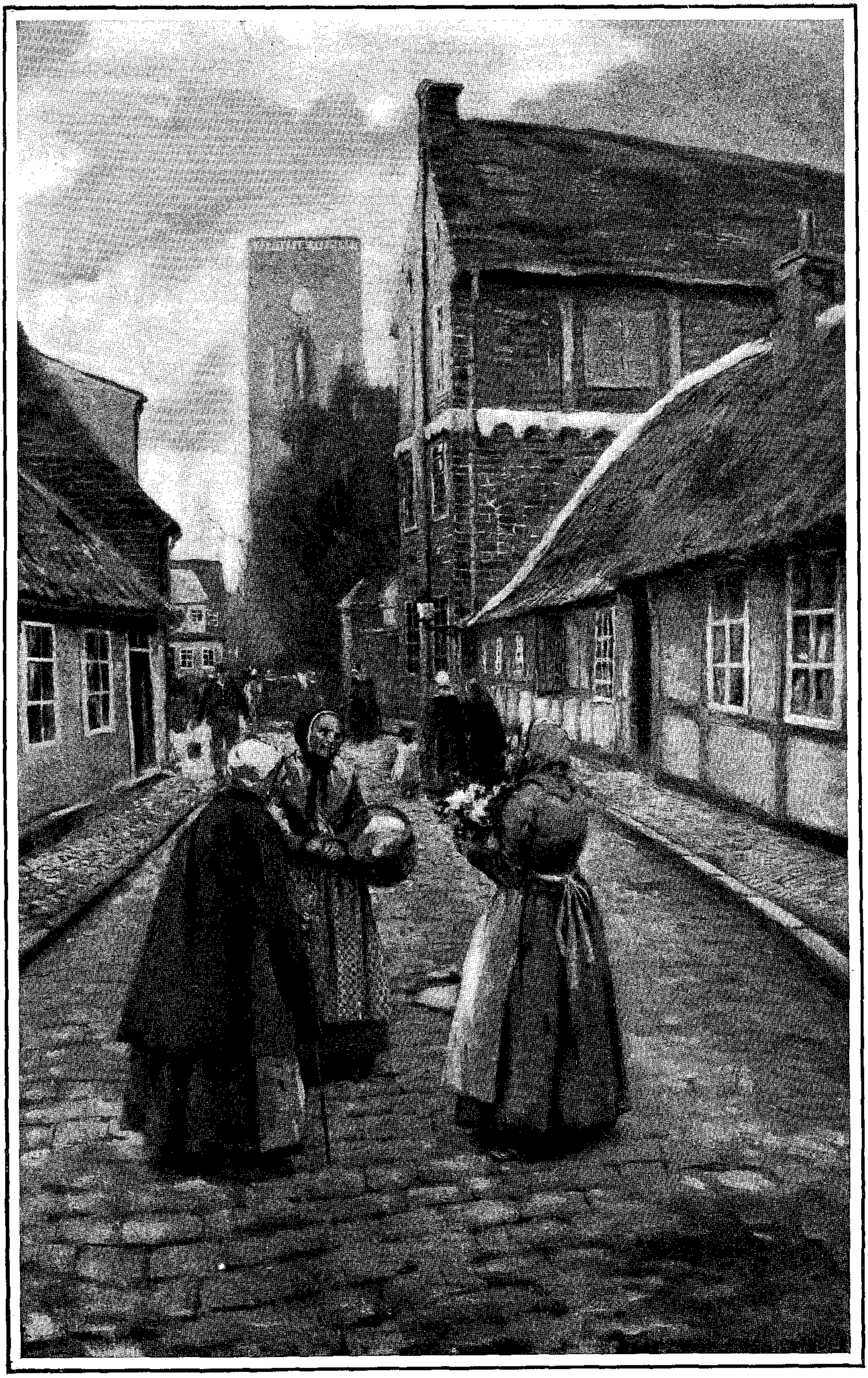
Yet, with all this, who is not drawn to the neglected garden? What are the old-fashioned gardens that we love, if they do not have an old-time air of abandon and unrestraint? There is one that I visit often. It is one of the estates of a past generation, built when land was cheap. It has seen its day. Now there are rotting piles of wood grown over with moss and the weedy tangles of bittersweet. Old trees have fallen, and unfamiliar plants are growing about their prostrate trunks. In these early days of May the new grass is soft and thick. The old sod springs under your feet. A full coinage of dandelions is scattered on the grass. You scrooch under the broken trees and pick your way through thickets of plum-sprouts and lilac. Old-fashioned daffodils and jonquils and grape-hyacinths rise from the grass and mark the sites of former beds which in their prime had trim borders of flagstone or of box. In the open places are soft cushions of celandine, catnip, motherwort, and bluebells. Shy-faced sweet violets hide themselves in the deep turf. The wide spears of tulips are springing along the old walks, and amongst them the wild cleavers are clambering for sunlight. A wide-spreading clump of striped canary-grass marks the spot of some old flower-bed. From front to rear at one side of the place stretches the ruin of a promenade. A generation since a summer-house stood at its further end; the broken weather-gray lattice marks its place. The box-edging, in a double broken windrow, alone recalls the formal beauty of the design. Into the edging the plum-sprouts have intruded, and daffodils and crown imperials have worked their way into the nooks and spaces. Here one can botanize. Here the wild birds nest; and in the season one may hear the warblers as they stop in their long migrations, for the birds seem to have an instinct that leads them to neglected gardens.

But these old gardens interest us because of the memories that they recall, not alone because they are gardens. They are suggestive of human lives. Yet I fancy that more than one human being has been led to a love of plants from having first known them in some grandmother's garden. We would not make a neglected garden, for intentional neglect is not neglect of the neglectful kind; but neglect that comes naturally and easily will be no indication of failure if only we find satisfaction in the decline; and hereby am I the more willing to urge every one to make a garden! A garden in which one finds joy cannot be successless.

There is no weather that does not suit some plant. In the hottest and driest time the portulacas are burning red on the sand. In cool and cloudy weather the soft morning-glories remain open until noon. When the soil is soaked with rain, the irises are in their glory. The plants have no dread of storm. Note the hang of the leaves and the droop of the flowers in the beating rain. Note that the chickens do not run, but throw their bodies back to shed the rain and then stand in philosophic comfort. Thoreau was glad when it rained because his beans were happy. A garden is the best of remedies for that commonest of melancholies, the habit of grumbling at the weather.

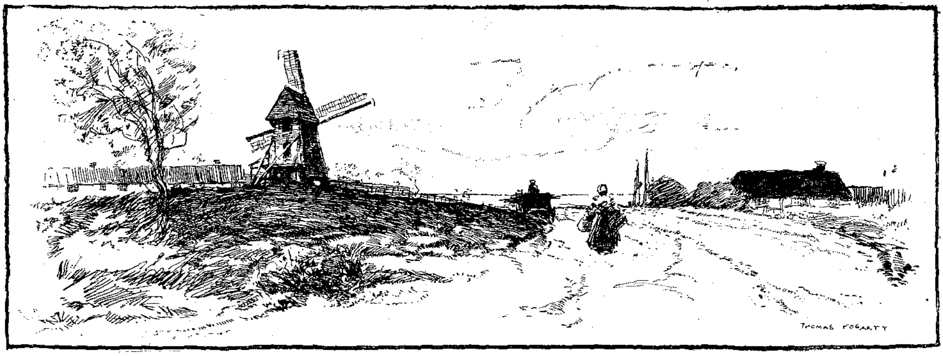
Your chief joy in your garden will not be in the vegetables that you eat nor in the flowers that you pick, but in the satisfaction of causing things to grow. You will enjoy the companionship of things that are real and clean. You will come to know the common and the little things. Some time, without knowing it, you will let a pigweed grow; and then you will be sorry to pull it up.

"A FULL COINAGE OF DANDELIONS IS SCATTERED ON THE GRASS"



BRINGING THE "LOVED-UP" FLOWERS

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.



THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter VII.—Elisabeth Tells Her Story

HOW well I remember the days of which my husband has written—our childhood in the old Danish town where to this day, in spite of my love for America, the air seems fresher, the meadows greener, the sea more blue, and where above it all the skylark sings his song clearer, softer, and sweeter than anywhere else in the world! I—it is too bad that we cannot tell our own stories without all the time talking about ourselves, but it is so and there is no help for it. Well, then, I was a happy little girl in those days. Though my own father, a country lawyer, had died early and left my dear mother without any means of support for herself and three children except what she earned herself by teaching school and music, it did not make life harder for me, for I had been since I was three years old with mother's youngest and loveliest sister and her husband. They were rich and prosperous. They brought me up as their own, and never had a child a kinder father and mother or a more beautiful home than I had with my uncle and aunt. Besides, I was naturally a happy child. Life seemed full of sunshine, and every day dawned with promise of joy and pleasure. I remember often saying to my aunt, whom, by the way, I called mother, "I am so happy I don't know what to do!"

So I skipped and danced about among the lumber in the sight of Jacob Riis, till, in sheer amazement, he cut his finger off. *He* says admiration, not amazement, but I have my own ideas about that. I see him yet with his arm in a sling and a defiant look, making his way across the hall at dancing-school to engage me as his partner. I did not appreciate the compliment in the least, for I would a good deal rather have had Charles, who danced well and was a much nicer-looking boy. Besides, Charles's sister Valgerda had told me in confidence how Jacob had said to Charles that he would marry me when I was a woman, or die. And was there ever such assurance? From the day I learned of this, I treated Jacob with all the coolness and contempt of which my naturally kindly disposition was capable. When he spoke to me I answered him hardly a word, and took pains to show my preference for Charles or some other boy. But it seemed to make no difference to him.

I was just seventeen when I received the first love-letter from Jacob. Like the dutiful fellow he was, he sent it through his mother to my mother, who read it before giving it to me. She handed it to me with the words: "I need not tell you that neither father nor I would ever give our consent to an engagement between you two till Jacob had some good position." Way down in my heart there was a small voice whispering: "Well, if I loved him I wouldn't ask anybody." But the letter was a beautiful one, and after these many years I know that every word in it was prompted by true, unselfish love. I cried over it and answered it as best I could, and then after a while forgot about it and was happy as ever with my studies, my music, and plenty of dances and parties to break the routine. Jacob had gone away to America.

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[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.

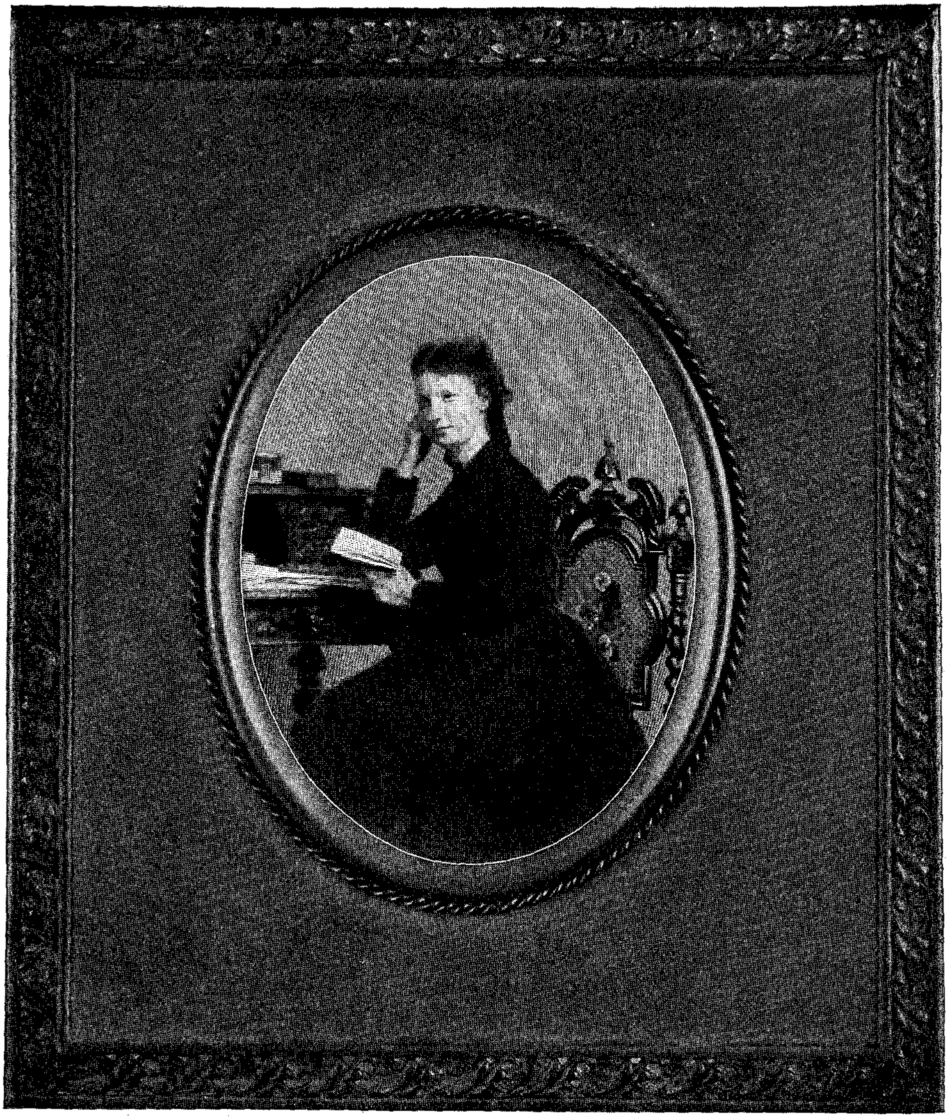
Before I was twenty years old I met one who was to have a great influence on my life. He was a dashing cavalry officer, much older than I, and a frequent visitor at our home. And here I must tell that my own dear mother had died when I was fifteen years old, and my brother and sister had come to live with us in Ribe. There was house-room and heart-room for us all there. They were very good to us, my uncle and aunt, and I loved them as if they were indeed my parents. They spared no expense in our bringing up. Nothing they gave their only son was too good for us. Our home was a very beautiful and happy one.

It was in the summer of 1872 that I met Raymond. That is not a Danish name, but it was his. He came to our little town as next in command of a company of gensdarmes—mounted frontier police. In the army he had served with my mother's brother, and naturally father and mother, whose hospitable home welcomed every distinguished stranger, did everything to make his existence, in what must to a man of the world have been a dull little town, less lonely than it would otherwise have been. He had a good record, had been brave in the war, was the finest horseman in all the country, could skate and dance and talk, and, best of all, was known to be a good and loving son to his widowed mother, and greatly beloved by his comrades. So he came into my life and singled me out before the other girls at the balls and parties where we frequently met. Strange as it may seem, for I was not a pretty girl, I had many admirers among the young men in our town. Perhaps there wasn't really any admiration about it; perhaps it was just because we knew each other as boys and girls and were brought up together. Most of the young men in our town were college students who had gone to school in Ribe and came back at vacation time to renew old friendships and have a good time with old neighbors. I danced well, played the piano well, and was full of life, and they all liked to come in our house, where there were plenty of good things of all kinds. So I really ought not to say that I, who frequently cried over the length of my nose, had admirers. I should rather say good friends, who saw to it in their kindness that I never was a wallflower at a ball, and generally had more favors at a cotillion than most of the other girls.

But he was so different. The others were young like myself. He had experience. He was a man, handsome and good, just such a man as would be likely to take the fancy of a girl of my age. And he, who had seen so many girls prettier and better than I, singled me out of them all; and I—well, I was proud of the distinction, and I loved him.

How well I remember the clear winter day when he and I skated and talked, and talked and skated, till the moon was high in the heavens, and my brother was sent out to look for me! I went home that evening the happiest girl in the world, so I thought; for he had called me "a beautiful child," and told me that he loved me. And father and mother had given their consent to our engagement. Never did the sun shine so brightly, never did the bells ring out so clearly and appealingly in the old Cathedral, and surely never was the world so beautiful as on the Sunday morning after our engagement when I awoke early in my dear little room. Oh, how I loved the whole world and every one in it! how good God was, how kind and loving my father and mother and brother and sisters! How I would love to be good to every one around me, and thus in a measure show my gratitude for all the happiness that was mine!

So passed the winter and spring, with many preparations for our new home and much planning for our future life. In a town like ours, where everybody knew all about everybody else from the day they were born till the day they died, it was only reasonable to suppose that somebody



ELISABETH

had told my betrothed about Jacob Riis's love for me. I had hoped that Jacob would learn to look at me in a different light, but from little messages which came to me off and on from the New World, I knew that he was just as faithful as ever to his idea that we were meant for one another, and that "I might say him No time and time again, the day would come when I would change my mind." But in the first happy days of our engagement I confess that I did not think very much about him, except for mentioning him once or twice to my friend as a good fellow, but such a queer and obstinate one, who some day would see plainly that I was not half as good as he thought, and learn to love some other girl who was much better.

But one day there came a letter from America, and so far was Jacob from my thoughts at that moment that, when my lieutenant asked me from whom did I think that American letter came, I answered in perfect good faith that I could not imagine, unless it were from a former servant of ours who lived over there.

"No servant ever wrote that address," said Raymond, dryly. It was from Jacob, and filled with good wishes for us both.

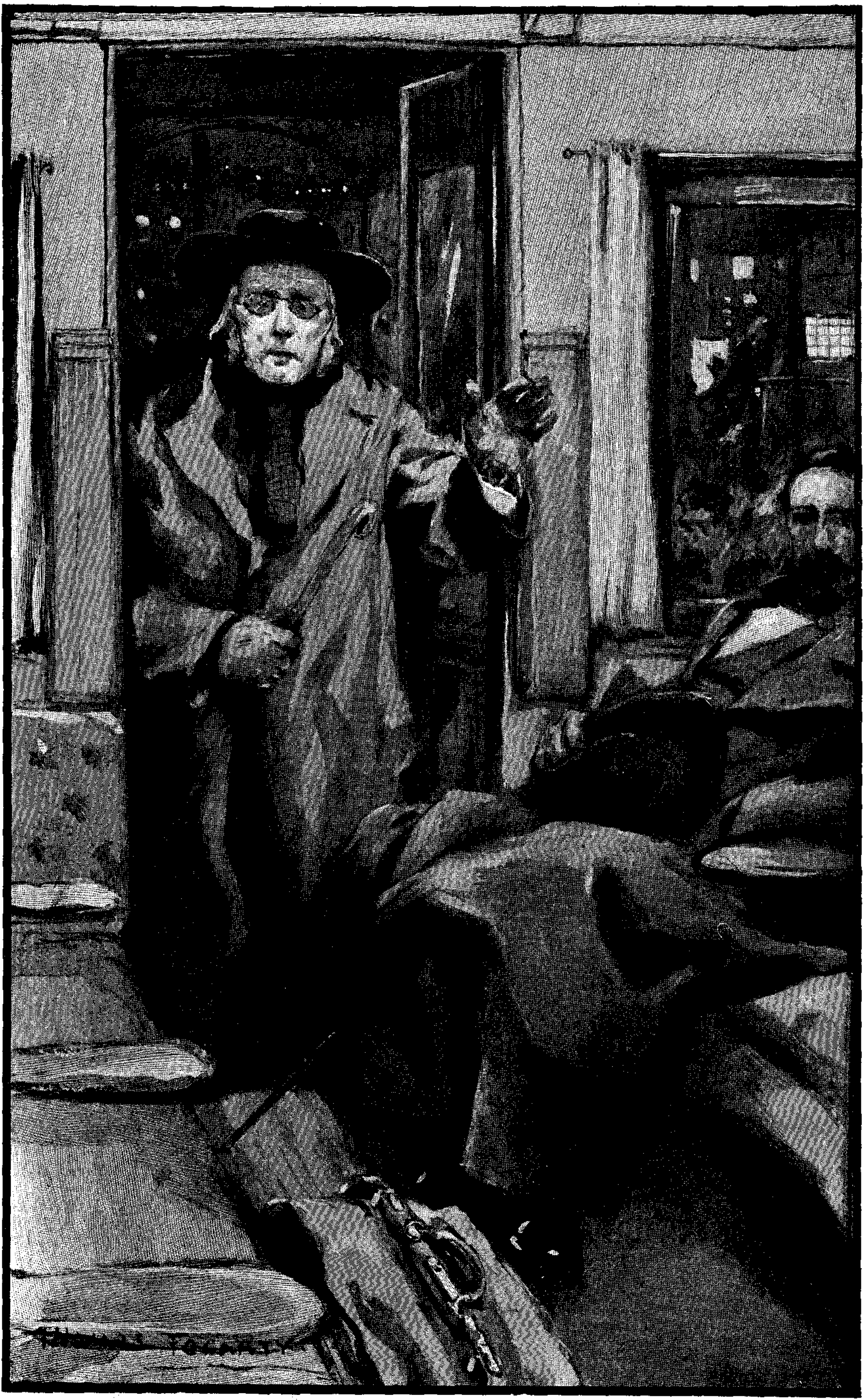
He listened to it in silence. I said how glad I was to find that at last he looked upon me merely as a friend. "You little know how to read between the lines," was his sober comment. He was very serious, almost sad, it seemed to me.

In the early summer came the first cloud on my sunlit sky. One evening, when we were invited to a party of young people at our doctor's house, word was sent from Raymond that he was sick and could not come, but that I must on no account stay home. But I did. For me there was no pleasure without him, no, not anywhere in the world. He recovered soon, however; but after that, short spells of illness, mostly heavy colds, were the rule. He was a strong man and had taken pride in being able to do things which few other men could do without harm coming to them; for instance, to chop a hole in the ice and go swimming in midwinter. But exposure to the chill, damp air of that North Sea country and the heavy fogs that drifted in from the ocean at night, when he rode alone, often many miles over the moor on his tours of inspection, had undermined his splendid constitution, and before the summer was over the doctors pronounced my dear one a sufferer from bronchial consumption, and told us that his only chance lay in his seeking a milder climate. I grieved at the thought of separation for a whole winter, perhaps longer, and at his suffering; but I felt sure that he would come back to me from Switzerland a well man.

So we parted. That winter we lived in our letters. The fine climate in Montreux seemed to do him good, and his messages were full of hope that all would be well. Not so with my parents. They had been told by physicians who had treated Raymond that his case was hopeless; that he might live years, perhaps, in Switzerland, but that in all probability to return to Denmark would be fatal to him. They told me so, and I could not, would not, believe them. It seemed impossible that God would take him away from me. They also told me that on no condition must I think of marrying him, because either I should be a widow soon after marriage, or else I should be a sick-nurse for several years. So they wished me to break the engagement while he was absent.

This and much more was said to me. And I, who had always been an obedient daughter and never crossed their will in any way, for the first time in my life opposed them and told them that never should anybody separate me from the one I loved until God himself parted us. Mother reminded me of my happy childhood, and of how much she and my foster-father had done for me, and that now they had only my happiness in view—a fact which I might not understand till I was older, she said, but must now take on trust. Beside which, Raymond would be made to feel as if a load were taken off his mind if of my free will I broke our engagement and left him free from any responsibility toward me. But all the time his letters told me that he loved me better than ever, and I lived only in the hope of his home-coming. So I refused to listen to them. They wrote to him; told him what the doctor said and appealed to him to set me free. And he, loyal and good as he was, gave me back my promise. He believed he would get well. But he knew he could not return to Ribe. He had resigned his office and gone back to the rank and pay of a plain lieutenant. He could not offer me now such a home as I was used to these many years; and as he was so much older than I, he thought it his duty to tell me all this. And all the time he knew, oh, so well! that I would never leave him, come what might, sickness, poverty, or death itself. I was bound to stand by him to the last.

That was a hard winter. Father and mother, who could not look into my heart and see that I still loved them as dearly as ever—I know so well they meant it all for the best—called me ungrateful and told me that I was blind and would not see what made for my good, and that therefore they must take their own measures for my happiness. So they offered me the choice between giving up the one I loved or leaving the home that had been mine so long. I chose the last, for I could not do otherwise. I packed my clothes and said good-by to my friends, of whom many treated me with coldness, since they, too, thought I must be ungrateful to those who had done so much for me. Homeless and alone I went to Raymond's brother, who had a little country home near the city of Copenhagen. With him and his young wife I stayed until one


THOMAS FOGARTY

"I WAS FACE TO FACE WITH MY FATHER"

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

day my Raymond returned, much better apparently, yet not the same as before. Suffering, bodily and mental, had left its traces upon his face and frame, but his love for me was greater than ever, and he tried hard to make up to me all I lost; as if I had really lost anything in choosing him before all the world.

We were very happy at first in the joy of being together. But soon he suffered a relapse, and decided to go to the hospital for treatment. He never left it again, except once or twice for a walk with me. All the long, beautiful summer days he spent in his room, the last few months in bed. Many friends came to see him, and as for me, I spent all my days with him reading softly to him or talking with him. And I never gave up hope of his getting better some day. He probably knew that his time was short, but I think that he did not have the heart to tell me. Sometimes he would say, "I wonder whether your people would take you back to your home if I died." Or, "If I should die, and some other man who loved you, and who you knew was good and faithful, should ask you to marry him, you ought to accept him, even if you did not love him." I never could bear to hear it or to think of it then.

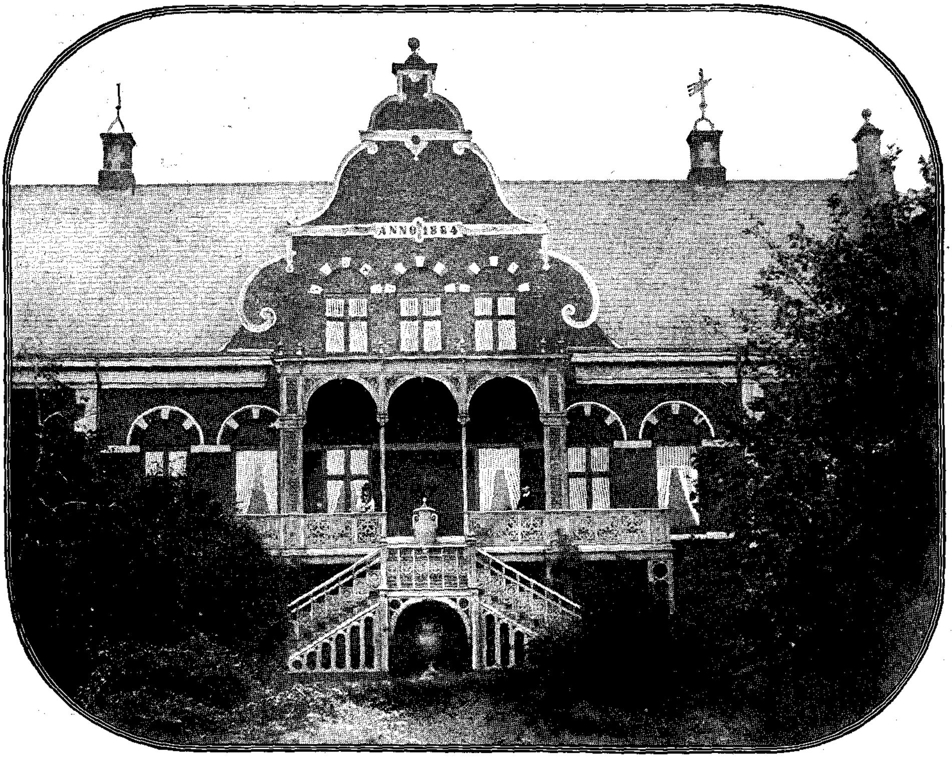
One raw, dark November morning I started on the long walk from his mother's house, where I had stayed since he took to his bed, to go and spend the day with him as usual. By this time I was well acquainted with every one in the hospital. The nurses were good to me. They took off my shoes and dried and warmed them for me, and some brought me afternoon coffee, which otherwise was contraband in the sick-rooms. But this morning the nurse in charge of Raymond's ward turned her back upon me and pretended not to hear me when I bid her good-morning. When I entered his room, it was to find the lifeless body of him who only a few hours before had bidden me a loving and even cheerful good-night.

Oh! the utter loneliness of those days; the longing for my own mother! But no word came from home. My dear one was laid to rest, with the sweet, resigned smile on his brave face, and I stayed for a while with his people, not being quite able to look into the future. When I was able to think clearly, I went to the school in which my education had been "finished" in the happy, careless days, and through its managers secured a position in Baron von D——'s house, not far from my old home, but in the province that was taken from Denmark by Germany the winter I played in the lumber-yard. My employers were kind to me, and my three girl pupils soon were the firm friends of the quiet little governess with the sad face. We worked hard together, to forget if I could. But each day I turned my face to the west toward Ribe, and my heart cried out for my happy childhood.

At last mother sent for me to come to them in the summer vacation. Oh, how good it was to go home again! How nice they all were, and what quiet content I felt, though I knew I should never forget! The six weeks went by like a dream. On the last day, as I was leaving, mother gave me a letter from Jacob Riis, of whom I had not thought for a long while. It was a letter of proposal, and I was angry. I answered it, however, as nicely as I could, and sent the letter to his mother. Then I returned to my three pupils in their pleasant country home, and soon we were busy with our studies and our walks. But I felt lonelier than ever, longed more than ever for the days that had been and would never return. I could not sleep, and grew pale and thin. And ever Raymond's words about a friend, good and faithful, who loved me truly, came back to me. Did he mean Jacob, who had surely proved constant, and, like me, had suffered much? He was lonely and I was lonely, oh! so lonely! What if I were to accept his offer, and when he came home go back with him to his great new country to share his busy life, and in trying to make him happy, perhaps find happiness myself? Unless I asked him to come, he would probably never return. The thought of how glad it would make his parents if they could see him again, now that they had buried two fine sons, almost tempted me.

Yet, again, it was too soon, too soon. I banished the thought with angry impatience. But in the still night watches it came and knocked again. Jacob need not come home just now. We might write and get acquainted, and get used to the idea of each other, and his old people could look forward to the joy of having him return in a year or two.

At last, one night, I got up at two o'clock, sat down at my desk, and wrote to him in perfect sincerity all that was in my mind concerning him, and that if he still would have me, I was willing to go with him to America if he would come for me some time. Strange to say, Jacob's mother had never sent the letter in which I refused him a second time. Perhaps she thought that his constancy and great love would at last touch my heart, longing as it was for somebody to cling to. So that he got my last letter first. But instead of waiting several years, he came in a few weeks. He was always that way.



"THE HOUSE WHERE WE WERE MARRIED"

And now, after twenty-five happy years——

ELISABETH.[1]

I cut the rest of it off, because I am the editor and want to begin again here myself, and what is the use of being an editor unless you can cut "copy"? Also because it is not good for woman to allow her to say too much. She has already said too much about that letter. I have got it in my pocket, and I guess I ought to know. "Your own Elisabeth"—was not that enough? For him, with his poor, saddened life, peace be to its memory! He loved her. That covers all. How could he help it?

If they did not think I had lost my senses before, they assuredly did when that telegram reached Ribe. Talk about the privacy of the mails (the telegraph is part of the post-office machinery there), official propriety, and all that—why, I don't suppose that telegraph operator could get his coat on quick enough to go out and tell the amazing news. It would not have been human nature, certainly not Ribe human nature. Before sundown it was all over town that Jacob Riis was coming home, and coming for Elisabeth. Poor girl! It was in the Christmas holidays, and she was visiting there. She had been debating in her own mind whether to tell her mother, and how; but they left her precious little time for debate. In a neighborhood gathering that night one stern, uncompromising dowager transfixed her with avenging eye:

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[1] That is right. Up to this the printer has had his way. Now we will have ours, she and I, and spell her name properly. Together we shall manage him.

"They say Jacob Riis is coming home," she observed. Elisabeth knitted away furiously, her cheeks turning pink for all she made believe she did not hear.

"They say he is coming back to propose to a certain young lady again," continued the dowager, pitilessly, her voice rising. There was the stillness of death in the room. Elisabeth dropped a stitch, tried to pick it up, failed, and fled. Her mother from her seat observed with never-failing dignity that it blew like to bring on a flood. You could almost hear the big cathedral bell singing in the tower. And the subject was changed.

ELISABETH AS SHE LOOKED ON THE DAY OF MY RETURN

But I will warrant that Ribe got no wink of sleep that night, the while I fumed in a wayside Holstein inn. In my wild rush to get home I had taken the wrong train from Hamburg, or forgot to change, or something. I don't to this day know what. I know that night coming on found me stranded in a little town I had never heard of, on a spur of the road I didn't know existed, and there I had to stay, raging at the railroad, at the inn, at everything. In the middle of the night, while I was tossing sleepless on the big four-poster bed, a drunken man who had gone wrong fell into my room with the door and a candle. That man was my friend. I got up and kicked him out, called the landlord and blew him up, and felt much better. The sun had not risen when I was posting back to the junction, counting the mile-posts as we sped, watch in hand.

If mother thought we had all gone mad together, there was certainly something to excuse her. Here she had only a few weeks before forwarded with a heavy heart to her son in America Elisabeth's flat refusal to hear him, and when she expected gloom and despair, all at once his letters overflowed with a hysterical happiness that could only hail from a disordered mind. To cap it all, Christmas Eve brought her the shock of her life. Elisabeth, sitting near her in the old church and remorsefully watching her weep for her buried boys, could not resist the impulse to steal up behind, as they were going out, and whisper into her ear, as she gave her a little vicarious hug: "I have had news from Jacob. He is *very* happy." The look of measureless astonishment on my mother's face, as she turned, recalled to her that she could not know, and she hurried away, while mother stood and looked after her, for the first time in her life, I verily believe, thinking hard things of a fellow-being—and of her! Oh, mother! could you but have known that that hug was for your boy!

Counting hours no longer, but minutes, till I should claim it myself, I sat straining my eyes in the dark for the first glimmer of lights in the old town, when my train pulled up at a station a dozen miles from home. The guard ran along and threw open the doors of the compartments. I heard voices and the cry:

"This way, Herr Doctor! There is room in here," and upon the step loomed the tall form of our old family physician. As I started up with a cry of recognition, he settled into a seat with a contented—

"Here, Overlaerer, is one for you," and I was face to face with my father, grown very old and white. My heart smote me at the sight of his venerable head.

"Father!" I cried, and reached out for him. I think he thought he saw a ghost. He stood quite still, steadying himself against the door, and his face grew very pale. It was the doctor, ever the most jovial of men, who first recovered himself.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, "bless my soul if here is not Jacob, come back from the wilds as large as life! Welcome home, boy!" and we laughed and shook hands. They had been out to see a friend in the country and had happened upon my train.

At the door of our house, father, who had picked up two of my brothers at the depot, halted and thought.

"Better let me go in first," he said, and, being a small man, put the door of the dining-room between me and mother, so that she should not see me right away.

"What do you think—" he began, but his voice shook so that mother rose to her feet at once. How do mothers know?

"Jacob!" she cried, and, pushing past him, had me in her embrace.

That was a happy tea-table. If mother's tears fell as she told of my brothers, the sting was taken out of her grief. Perhaps it was never there. To her there is no death of her dear ones, but rejoicing in the midst of human sorrow that they have gone home where she shall find them again. If ever a doubt had arisen in my soul of that home, how could it linger? How could I betray my mother's faith, or question it?

Perfectly happy were we; but when the tea-things were removed and I began to look restlessly at my watch and talk of an errand I must go, a shadow of anxiety came into my father's eyes. Mother looked at me with mute appeal. They were still as far from the truth as ever. A wild notion that I had come for some other man's daughter had entered their minds, or else, God help me, that I had lost mine. I kissed mother and quieted her fears.

"I will tell you when I come back;" and when she would have sent my brothers with me: "No! this walk I must take alone. Thank God for it."

So I went over the river, over the Long Bridge where I first met Her, and from the arch of which I hailed the light in her window, the beacon that had beckoned me all the years while two oceans surged between us; under the wild-rose hedge where I had dreamed of her as a boy, and presently I stood upon the broad stone steps of her father's house, and rang the bell.

An old servant opened the door, and, with a grave nod of recognition, showed me into the room to the left—the very one where I had taken leave of her six years before—then went to call "Miss Elisabeth." It was New Year's Eve, and they were having a card party in the parlor.

"Oh, it isn't—?" said she, with her heart in her mouth, pausing on the threshold and looking appealingly at the maid. She was the one who years before had told her how I kept vigil under her window.

"Yes! it is!" said she, mercilessly, "it's him," and she pushed her in.

I think it was I who spoke first.

"Do you remember when the ice broke on the big ditch and I had you in my arms, so, lifting you over?"

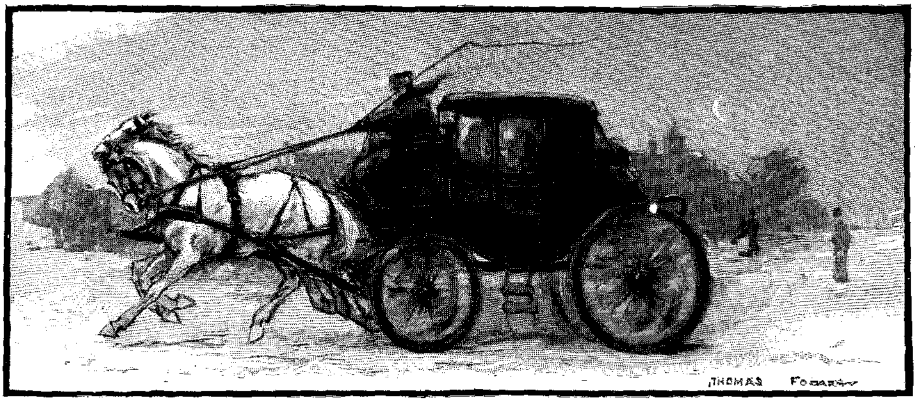
"Was I heavy?" she asked, irrelevantly, and we both laughed.

Father's reading-lamp shone upon the open Bible when I returned. He wiped his spectacles and looked up with a patiently questioning "Well, my boy?" Mother laid her hand upon mine.

"I came home," I said, unsteadily, "to give you Elisabeth for a daughter. She has promised to be my wife."

Mother clung to me and wept. Father turned the leaves of the book with hands that trembled in spite of himself, and read:

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,



"OUT INTO THE OPEN COUNTRY, INTO THE WIDE WORLD—OUR LIFE'S JOURNEY HAD BEGUN"
Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

but unto Thy name give glory for thy mercy—"

His voice faltered and broke.

The old town turned out, to the last man and woman, and crowded the Domkirke on that March day, twenty-five years ago, when I bore Her home my bride. From earliest morning the street that led to "the Castle" had seen a strange procession of poor and aged women pass, carrying flowers grown in window-gardens in the scant sunlight of the long Northern winter—"loved up," they say in Danish for "grown;" in no other way could it be done. They were pensioners on her mother's bounty, bringing their gifts to the friend who was going away. And it was their flowers she wore when I led her down the church aisle my wife, my own.

The Castle opened its doors hospitably at last to the carpenter's lad. When they fell to behind us, with father, mother, and friends waving tearful good-bys from the steps, and the wheels of the mail-coach rattled over the cobblestones of the silent streets where old neighbors had set lights in their windows to cheer us on the way—out into the open country, into the wide world—our life's journey had begun. Looking steadfastly ahead, over the bleak moor into the unknown beyond, I knew in my soul that I should conquer. For her head was leaning trustfully on my shoulder and her hand was in mine; and all was well.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The First Harvard-Yale Regatta (1852)

By James M. Whiton

AUGUST 3, 1852, is a date of special interest in the annals of the intercollegiate competitions of American students. On that day occurred their first intercollegiate regatta, in which Harvard and Yale matched themselves with each other, as they have continued to do till now. From this beginning developed the diversified competitions in which not only colleges but also secondary schools throughout the country now engage, not in athletics alone, but in rhetorical contests also—competitions in whose quest for pleasure and renown a new field of international rivalry has been opened in the athletic matches of American with British students that have drawn the attention of the nations on each side of the Atlantic.

This remarkable development, whose beneficial results far outweigh its incidental evils, strangely originated outside of the collegiate world. The intercollegiate regatta of 1852 was suggested, and the means for carrying it through were provided, by an enterprising railroad manager in New Hampshire. Like many other founders, he was undoubtedly building better than he knew. But his name deserves to be kept in remembrance by all who share the fruit of the seed he planted.

It came to pass on this wise. In June, 1852, the present writer, then a junior in Yale, was riding on the Boston, Concord, and Montreal road between Weirs and Laconia, when Mr. James N. Elkins, the Superintendent of the road and a personal friend, sat down and entered into conversation. The Winnipesaukee River, emerging from the Lake at Weirs, widens there into an expanse of smooth water, whose shore the road skirts for some miles. Mr. Elkins was interested in a remark that it would be a fine course for a regatta, which could be viewed from an observation train. This having led to some talk about boating at the colleges, Mr. Elkins was inspired to say: "If you will get up a regatta on the Lake between Yale and Harvard, I will pay all the bills." He added that he should advertise it widely, run excursion trains, and make a great affair of it. His interest was, of course, the advertisement that the regatta would give his road, recently built, and a competing line for summer travel.

The offer was accepted on the spot.

The assurance of a free excursion and a jolly lark easily induced Yale to send the challenge to Harvard. It was not so easy to get it accepted. Yale could not row till after Commencement, then as late as July 29, but Harvard's Commencement was a fortnight earlier, and her men likely to be dispersed in vacation. The project might have failed but for the active interest of a Harvard junior, Mr. Joseph M. Brown, a schoolmate and friend of the writer, through whose influence the challenge was finally accepted.

Yale, liberally accepting a liberal offer, took three boats to the Lake—the Shawmut and the Undine, each of eight oars, with the Atalanta, of four oars. The last was avowedly procured from New York for the occasion, and dignified with the name of a Yale club. Harvard took but one—the eight-oared Oneida, a crack boat for those days. The Undine was a much heavier craft, but the Shawmut was a fair match for the Oneida. Her name, however, was assumed for the occasion. The Shawmut crew had injured their own boat just before starting, and had to borrow the boat of the Halcyon Club in her place. The Halcyon had been bought of Harvard men, who had had it built to beat the Oneida, but the Shawmut crew had no time to learn how to get the best out of a boat they were not used to. The Atalanta did not figure in the regatta, which the final conference at the Lake restricted to an eight-oared match. In those days boating was for fun rather than for glory. College boats were then built to meet rough water in Boston Harbor and Long Island Sound, utterly unlike the racing-shells in vogue now.

Joining each other at Concord, N. H., on the night of July 30, the crews from Cambridge and New Haven, forty-one all told, including substitutes, went on the next day together to Weirs Landing, where they found their boats awaiting them, in which they rowed to Center Harbor, at the northern end of the Lake. The next day they kept Sabbath, and on Monday did some preliminary practicing, especially the Shawmut crew. Of the special training now practiced there had been none. The bottoms of the boats were black-leaded, and some carefulness in diet, such as abstinence from pastry, was observed.

Tuesday, August 3, was a perfect summer day, cloudless, moderately warm, with a light zephyr from the northwest. Excursion trains brought crowds, among them General Franklin Pierce, New Hampshire's "favorite son," the Democratic candidate that year for the Presidency, with Judge Josiah G. Abbott, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and later of the Presidential Electoral Commission. For the awards of the day a board of five "judges" was constituted, viz.: Colonel N. B. Baker, of Concord, N. H.; Messrs. Julius Catlin, of Hartford, N. A. M. Dudley, of New York, S. H. Quincy, of Rumney, N. H., and A. H. Bellows, of Concord. The general management of the day was committed to Colonel Baker. For the entertainment of the excursionists, and to give them their full money's worth, a scrub-race, as a prelude to the main affair, was rowed at eleven o'clock. In this "little-go" the Oneida carried off the prize, a silk flag, coming in two lengths ahead of the Shawmut and four ahead of the Undine, the Atalanta closing the procession. The distance was not measured, but estimated as a mile and a half. The time of the winner was eleven minutes.

The regatta proper was rowed between three and four in the afternoon. The boats were taken down the lake in tow of a horse-boat to an estimated distance of two miles for a straight pull back to a flagged line at Center Harbor against a light breeze. In this the Oneida led the Shawmut by four lengths, and the Undine by twice as much. The time her captain gives as fourteen minutes. But for a slight mishap the winner might have done a trifle better. A water-soaked board, loosened from a temporary platform at Center Harbor, drifted unobserved over the submerged oar of "Sid" Willard of the Oneida, so that this could not be lifted at the end of the stroke. Most men in such difficulty would have caught a bad "crab," but he, brawny fellow, stiffly held his oar flat in the water till carried clear. The prize, a pair of black-walnut sculls, silver mounted, had been fairly and handsomely won by the Oneida, and was presented by General Pierce in a felicitous little speech.

The crew that pulled the Oneida was composed as follows, in the order of the names as given. The press reports of the day credited them with being somewhat heavier men than their competitors:

	(Now of)
Joseph M. Brown, coxswain	Washington.
Thomas J. Curtis, stroke	Tunbridge Wells, Eng.
Jonathan Dwight	New York.
Charles H. Hurd	*1877
Sidney Willard	*1862
Charles J. Paine	Boston.
Wm. H. Cunningham	*1867
C. Fred Livermore	Detroit.
Charles A. Miles, bow	Brattleboro'.

Besides these, John W. Hutchins (*1890) and Horace O. Whittemore (*1871) were ready for substitute service, if required. All these were of the Harvard class of 1853, except Curtis, Dwight, and Willard, of 1852. Their uniform was a white shirt trimmed with blue. The Harvard crimson was not yet in vogue.

The Shawmut crew was as follows:

	(Now of)
Richard Waite, coxswain	Toledo.
James Hamilton, stroke	*1862
Charles A. White	New Haven.
James R. Goodrich	*1859
Edward Harland	Norwich.
Joseph Warren	Boston.
Joseph S. French	*1890
William C. Brewster	*1900
Arthur E. Skelding, bow	*1888

In waiting as substitutes were William T. Baxter (*1855), William L. Hinman (*1899), and Albert E. Kent (*1901). All were of the Yale class of 1853 except White, of 1854, who was captain of the club that had loaned their boat Halcyon to the Shawmut crew. The Shawmut uniform was a white shirt trimmed with red. The Yale blue was of later adoption. Her coxswain was said to be the heaviest man in college—a handicap characteristic of those green days.

The Undine crew consisted of these:

	(Now of)
Julius Catlin, Jr., coxswain	*1893
Edward Walden, stroke	*1854
George W. Smalley	New York.
William M. Hudson	Hartford.
William F. V. Bartlett	Lexington, Ky.
Benjamin K. Phelps	*1880
Benjamin F. Baer	*1875
Theodore Weston	New York.
James M. Whiton, Jr., bow	New York.

The substitutes at hand were S. H. Tobey and Sherman W. Knevals (both now of New York). All were of the Yale class of 1853 and wore a white shirt faced with blue.

The class of 1853, both in Harvard and in Yale, may evidently be credited with the initiation of the intercollegiate competitions that have enriched academic life with new attractions, ambitions, and discipline.

The roll of the Atalanta deserves to be called here, though ruled out of the regatta in which they had hoped to compete:

	(Now of)
William W. Winthrop, coxswain	*1899
George A. Kittredge	Bombay, India.
Calvin G. Child	*1880
William C. Whittemore	Washington.
Nathaniel W. T. Root	*1872
Alfred P. Rockwell	Boston.
David L. Huntington	*1899

These were of the Yale class of 1855, except Winthrop, of 1851, and Root, of 1852. Their uniform was blue faced with white.

Brown, of Harvard, and Warren, of Yale, each made a record of their own comrades. Warren's record was unfortunately destroyed in a fire. Consequently the lists of the Yale crews in their order are only as accurate as the memories of the survivors, carefully compared, could make them. The next issue of the "Yale Literary Magazine," devoting a page to the affair, mentions no names. None then thought of it as anything but a frolic without a sequel. That it would be commemorated, as it probably will be, in 1902, was as little dreamed of as that our daughters would take college degrees.

The starred names of the deceased in these lists indicate a vital stamina in the whole group above the average. It is noteworthy that at the end of nearly forty-nine years nearly one-half are still living—twenty of forty-one, or $48\frac{78}{100}$ per cent. Of the twenty-seven who rowed the race, fifteen survive, or $55\frac{55}{100}$ per cent. But in the Yale class of 1853, though this included, as President Woolsey critically remarked, "a great many boys," only fifty now survive of one hundred and eight, or $46\frac{29}{100}$ per cent. Of the Harvard class of 1853 but forty of ninety survive, or $44\frac{4}{9}$ per cent. The fact will be put to the credit of college athletics; but it should also be noted that they were never then carried to excess.

Ten years later many of these men were engaged in a fiercer struggle. Above one-third of them served as officers in the Civil War, one of them a captain on the Confederate side—Hamilton, who fell in

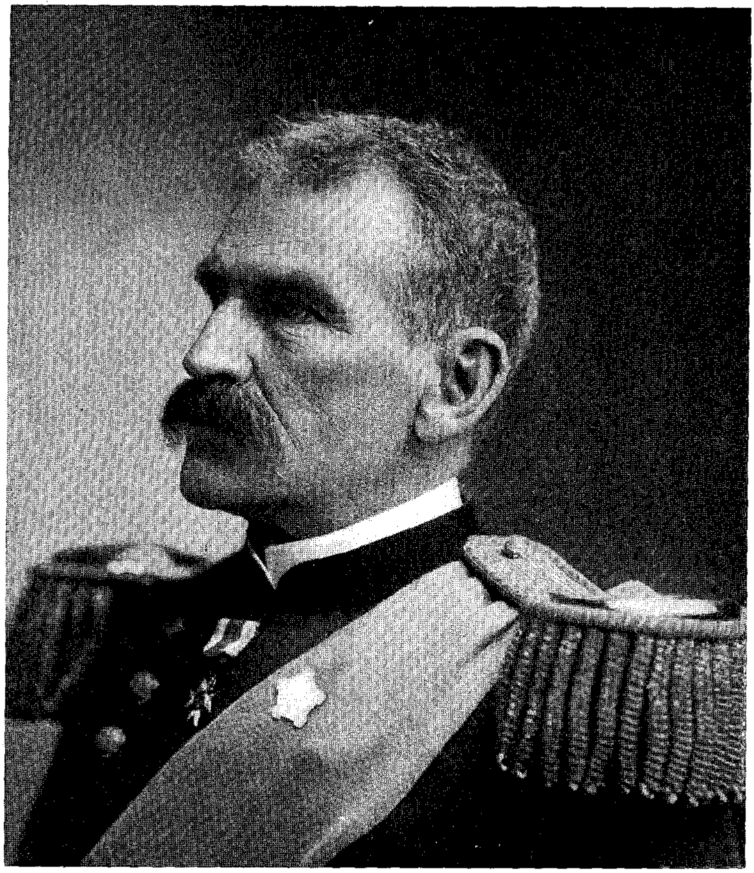
1862, the same year that Major Willard fell at Fredericksburg. Major Brown served in Sheridan's cavalry and was brevetted lieutenant-colonel; Hurd was captain and brevet major in the Massachusetts Thirty-second, and assistant adjutant-general; Livermore, major in the Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; Paine was made brigadier-general and brevet major-general; Horace Whittemore was brevetted a brigadier; Waite was captain in the Ohio Eighty-fourth; Harland received a brigadier's commission; Baer was captain of the Pennsylvania One Hundred and Twenty-second; Hudson served as assistant surgeon; Winthrop rose from private to major and brevet colonel; Root was chaplain of the Rhode Island Ninth; Rockwell attained the rank of colonel of the Connecticut Sixth and brevet brigadier-general; Huntington, brevet major and assistant surgeon, took rank as brevet lieutenant-colonel. Besides these, Smalley was war correspondent of the "Tribune," and Child served as aide-de-camp to Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut.

Since the war General Paine has won distinction, not only in other lines, but in defending the America Cup, having been one of the syndicate that built the Puritan, and afterward sole builder of the Mayflower and the Volunteer. Harland has served as State Senator and Adjutant-General of Connecticut. Kent has given to Yale the chemical laboratory called by his name. Smalley has risen to eminence as a man of letters, Bartlett as a leader in the Southern Presbyterian Church, Weston as an architect. Winthrop became Judge-Advocate in the regular army, and subsequently Professor of Military Jurisprudence at West Point. Kittredge, as a merchant in Bombay, first introduced tramways into India. Rockwell was sometime Professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Of the deceased, Brewster at the time of his death was President of the Plaza Bank in this city, and Phelps, partner with Knevals in the law firm from which Mr. Arthur rose to the Vice-Presidency, had held from 1866 to 1870 the post of Assistant United States District Attorney in New York. Child was for some years after 1870 United States District Attorney for Connecticut. Among the boating men who did not go up to the lake were some as widely known now as any who did; as Andrew D. White, our Ambassador to Germany, and George Shiras, Jr., Justice of the United States Supreme Court, both of the Undine club.

Another race was on the programme, to be rowed August 5 at Wolfeborough, at the southeastern end of the Lake. On account of a storm which had prevented the excursion trains from being run, it was declared off. The crews were content to be released from the second contest, convinced that it would have resulted like the first. They manned their boats, however, and rowed a little to relieve the disappointment of the hotel guests. And so it came to pass that a trophy which Harvard would probably have captured in the intended race was, by general consent, given to the Shawmut, as the second prize for the race of August 3—a black-walnut boat-hook, silver-mounted, which was presented by Colonel Baker in an after-dinner speech.

Though the railroad company had not reaped the immediate profit expected from the affair, Mr. Elkins was resolved that the collegians should lack no pleasure. They were accordingly taken over the Lake and railroad to lovely Plymouth, where a day was spent in excursions to various attractive points. Hence, furnished with return passes, they departed on the Saturday with a hilarity commensurate with the enjoyments of an extraordinary week. "I started out on this," exclaimed "Ben" Phelps that morning, as he showed the present writer a dime, "and I ain't broke yet." Subsequent regattas have been in better form, have drawn larger crowds, have cost the boys heavily; but as an eight days' junket at the expense of a railroad corporation, that first regatta is as unique and irreproducible as the Rhodian Colossus.

But it was inevitable that the vanquished should burn to retrieve their credit. And so, in the following college year, the class of 1853 organized the Yale Navy, with Richard Waite, brother of the late Chief Justice, as its Commodore; an annual regatta in New Haven waters was planned for it, and prizes proposed, in view of another bout with Harvard, "*Magnus nascitur ordo.*" The new era of trained competition in intercollegiate rivalries, so unconsciously begun in 1852, was soon in manifest progress.



Major-General Adna R. Chaffee, U.S.A.

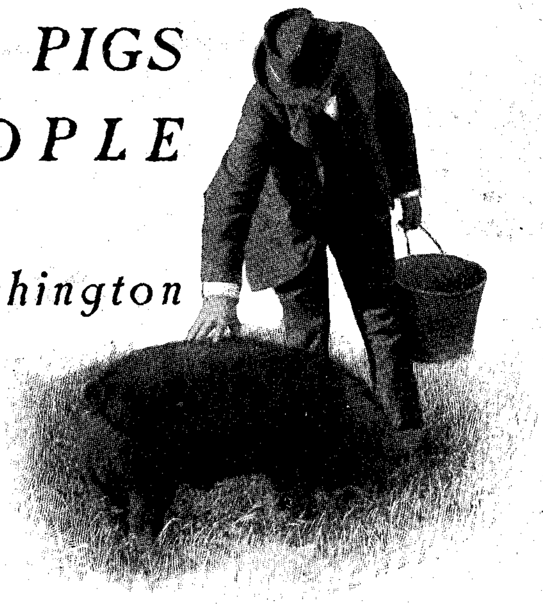
The United States Army has no more gallant representative than General Chaffee. In heroic and daring deeds his military record stands high, but his course during the past year in China has given him new and deserved fame. While firm, that course has been tempered with what might well be called a magnificent mercy. In this it has differed from the line of conduct pursued by most of the other foreign commanders in China. Under General Chaffee American soldiers have won for themselves a general confidence which even the Civil War and the Spanish War did not bring out as it exists to-day. Humanitarian and missionary bodies in their recent meetings have passed resolutions commending General Chaffee's course. He is now leaving China at the call of our Government; it is safe to say that no commander has been more popular or more respected while there, not only among the allied forces, but among the Chinese themselves—indeed, applications have been made to him by Chinese of all degrees for the retention of American troops until the withdrawal of all the troops from China. Some of those who are making this request think that the withdrawal of the Americans will induce the others to remain longer; some do not wish to see any of the soldiers leave China, fearing anarchy and an uprising against foreigners. There are also some, however, who believe that the retention of any unnecessary foreign soldiers in the Flowery Kingdom is productive of distrust and later will induce another armed conflict.

CHICKENS, PIGS AND PEOPLE

By

Booker T. Washington

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLIFTON JOHNSON



I HAVE always been intensely fond of outdoor life. Perhaps the explanation for this lies partly in the fact that I was born nearly out-of-doors. I have also, from my earliest childhood, been very fond of animals and fowls. When I was but a child, and a slave, I had close and interesting acquaintances with animals.

During my childhood days, as a slave, I did not see very much of my mother, since she was obliged to leave her children very early in the morning to begin her day's work. The early departure of my mother often made the matter of my securing breakfast uncertain. This led to my first intimate acquaintance with animals.

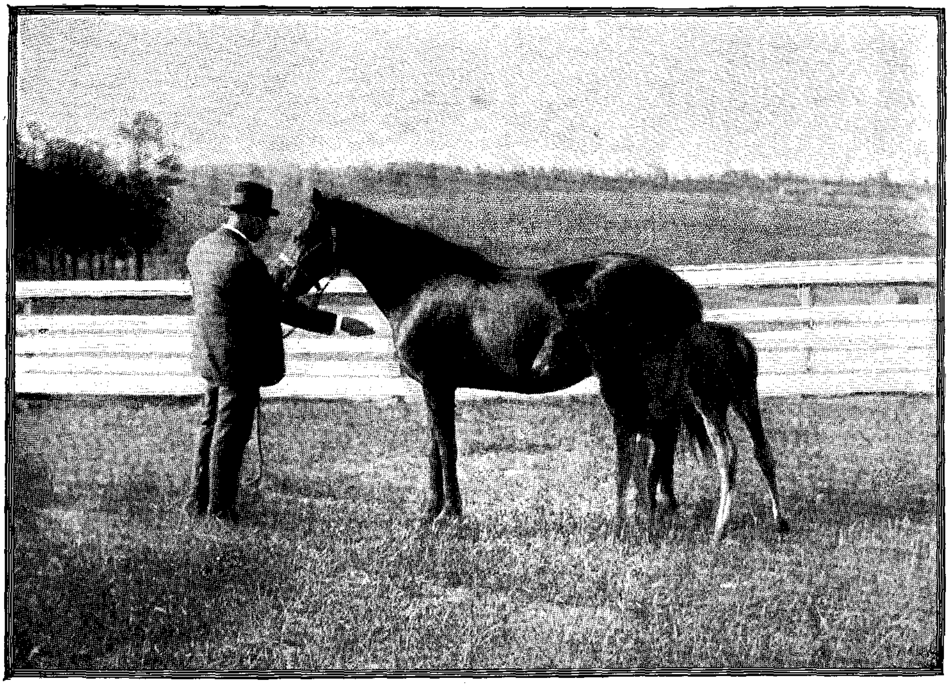
In those days it was the custom upon the plantation to boil the Indian corn that was fed to the cows and pigs. At times, when I had failed to get any other breakfast, I used to go to the places where the cows and pigs were fed, and make my breakfast off this boiled corn, or else go to the place where it was the custom to boil the corn, and get my share there before it was taken to the animals.

If I was not there at the exact moment of feeding, I could still find enough corn scattered around the fence or the trough to satisfy me. Some people may think that this was a pretty bad way in which to get one's food, but, leaving out the name and the associations, there was nothing very bad about it. Any one who has eaten hard boiled corn knows that it has a delicious taste. I never pass a pot of boiled corn now without yielding to the temptation to eat a few grains.

Another thing that helped in developing my fondness for animals was my contact with the best breeds of fowls and animals when I was a student at the Hampton Institute. Notwithstanding the fact that my work there was not directly connected with the stock, the mere fact that I saw the best kinds of animals and fowls day after day increased my love for them, and made me resolve that when I went out into the world I would have some as nearly like them as possible.

I think that I owe a great deal of my present strength and ability to work to my love of outdoor life. It is true that the amount of time that I can spend in the open air is now very limited. Taken on an average, it is perhaps not more than an hour a day, but I make the most of that hour. In addition to this I get much pleasure out of the anticipation and the planning for that hour.

I do not believe that any one who has not worked in a garden can begin to un-



MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE COLT

derstand how much pleasure and strength of body and mind and soul can be derived from one's garden, no matter how small it may be; the smaller it is, the better, I think, in some respects. If the garden be very small, a man can have the gratifying experience of finding out how much can be produced on a small plot carefully laid out, thoroughly fertilized, and well cultivated. And then, when the garden is small, but the vegetables and plants large, there springs up a feeling of kinship between the man and the plant, as he tends and watches the growth of each individual plant from day to day. Each day there is some new development. The rain, the dew, the sunshine, each causes some new growth.

The letter or the address that one began writing the day before never budges or moves forward one iota until you return and take up the work where it was left off; not so with the plant. Some change has taken place during the night; there is the appearance of bud or blossom or fruit. This sense of newness, of expectancy, brings to me a freshness, an inspiration for each day, that it is difficult to describe.

It is not only a pleasure to grow good vegetables for one's own table, but I get much satisfaction from sending some of the best specimens to some neighbor whose garden is backward, or to some one who has not learned the art of raising the best or the earliest varieties, and who is therefore surprised to receive some new potatoes two weeks in advance of any one else.

When I am at my home at Tuskegee, I usually find a way, by rising early in the morning, to spend at least half an hour in my garden, or with my fowls, pigs, or cows. As far as I can get the time, I like to find the new eggs each morning myself, and when at home am selfish enough to permit no one else to do this in my place. As with the growing plants, there is a sense of freshness and newness and of restfulness in connection with the finding and handling of newly laid eggs that is delightful to me. Both the anticipation and the realization are most pleasing. I begin the day by seeing how many eggs I can find, or how many little chickens there are that are just beginning to peep through the shells.

Speaking of little chickens coming into life, a few days ago one of our students called my attention to something in connection with the chickens owned by the school itself that I had not previously known. That was that, when some of the first little chickens come out of their shells, they began almost immediately from the outside to help others not so forward to break their way out. It was delightful to me to hear that the chickens raised at the school had, so early in life, caught the Tuskegee spirit of helpfulness for others.

I am deeply interested in the different kinds of fowls, and, aside from the large number grown by the school in its poultry house and yards, I grow at my own home common chickens, Plymouth Rocks, Buff Cochins and Brahmas, Peking ducks, and fan-tailed pigeons.

The pig, I think, is my favorite animal. I do not know how this will strike the taste of my readers, but it is true. In addition to some common-bred pigs, I keep a few Berkshires and some Poland Chinas; and it is a real pleasure to me to watch their development and increase from month to month. Practically all the pork used in my family is of my own raising.

Speaking of pigs, and of the Tuskegee spirit, I heard a story of one of our graduates not long ago that gave me great satisfaction.

A man had occasion to go to the village of Benton, Ala., in which Mr. A. J. Wood, one of our graduates, had settled ten years

IN SEARCH OF THE FOREST FLOWERS

before, and gone into business as a general merchant. In this time he has built up a good trade and has obtained for himself a reputation as one of the best and most reliable business men in the place. While the visitor was there, he happened to step to the open back door of the store, and stood looking out into a little yard behind the building. The merchant, joining him there, began to call, "Ho, Suke! Ho, Suke!" and finally, in response to this calling, there came crawling out from beneath the store, with much grunting, because he was altogether too big to get comfortably from under the building, an enormous black hog.

"You see that hog," the man said. "That's my hog. I raise one like that every year as an object-lesson to the colored farmers around here who come to the store to trade. About all I feed him is the waste from the store. When the farmers come in here, I show them my hog, and tell them that if they would shut their pigs up in a pen of rails, and have the children pick up acorns in the woods to feed them on, they might have just such hogs as I do, instead of the razor-backs they have now running around wild in the woods.

"Perhaps I can't teach a school here," the man added, "but if I can't do that, I can at least teach the men around here how to raise hogs as I learned to raise them at Tuskegee."

In securing the best breeds of fowls and animals I have the added satisfaction at Tuskegee of seeing a better grade of stock being gradually introduced among the farmers who live near the school.

My favorite cow is the Jersey. The Jersey, when properly taken care of, not only repays one in her yield of milk and butter, but she soon becomes a great pet. I get much satisfaction in leading these cows around, and in holding them by a rope in the yard while they eat a tempting portion of green grass or oats.

After I have gathered my eggs, and have at least said "good-morning" to my pigs, cows, and horse, the next morning duty—no, I will not say duty, but delight—is to gather the vegetables for the family dinner. There are no peas, no turnips, no radishes, no beets or salads, that taste so good as those which one has raised and gathered with his own hands in his own garden. In comparison with these all the high-sounding and long-named dishes found in the most expensive restaurants seem tame and flavorless. One feels, when eating his own fresh vegetables, that he is getting near to the heart of nature; that is, not a second-hand, stale imitation of something, but the genuine thing. How delightful the change, after one has spent weeks eating in restaurants or hotels, and has had a bill of fare pushed before his eyes three times a day, or has heard the familiar sound for a month from a waiter's lips: "Steak, pork chops, fried eggs, and potatoes!"

As I go from bed to bed in the garden, gathering my lettuce, peas, spinach, radishes, beets, onions, and the relishes with which to garnish the dishes, and note the growth of each plant since the previous day, I feel a nearness and kinship to the plants which makes them seem to me like members of my own family. When engaged in this work, how short the half-hour is, how quickly each minute goes, bringing nearer the time when I must go to my office! When I do go there, though, it is with a vigor and freshness and with a steadiness of nerve that prepares me thoroughly for what perhaps is to be a difficult and trying day—a preparation that I could not have had but for the half-hour spent in my garden.

All through the day, too, I am enabled to do more work and better work because of the delightful anticipation of being permitted to have another half-hour, or perhaps more than that, in my garden after the office work is done. I get so much pleasure out of this that I frequently find myself beseeching Mrs. Washington to delay the dinner hour that I may take advantage of the last bit of daylight for my outdoor work.

The time spent in my garden in the evening is usually devoted to laying out new beds, planting new vegetables, in hoeing the plants, or in pruning my peach-trees.

While I am fond of shrubbery and flowers, I must confess that they do not possess enough of the industrial or economic element to particularly appeal to me, and all that part of the gardening I leave to Mrs. Washington.

My own experience in outdoor life leads me to hope that the time will soon come

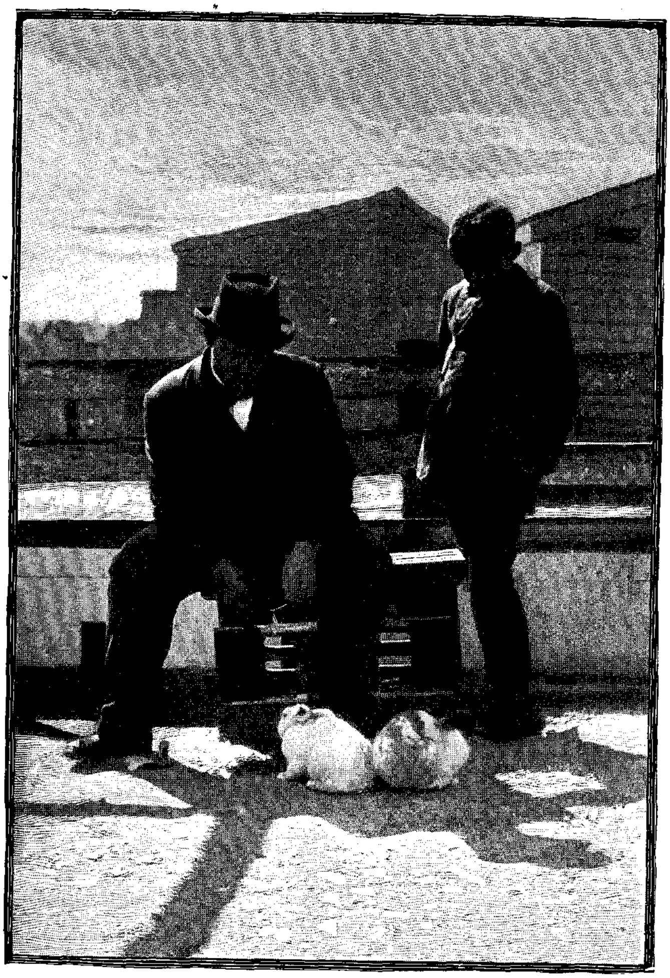
A FRIENDLY VISIT TO THE CHICKENS

when there will be a revolution in our methods of educating children, especially the children in the schools of the smaller towns and rural districts. I think that it is almost a sin to take a number of children whose homes are on farms, and whose parents earn their living by farming, and cage them up, as if they were so many wild beasts, for six or seven hours during the day, in a close room where the air is often impure.

I have known teachers to go so far as to frost the windows in a school-room, or have them made high up in the wall, or keep the curtains to the windows down, so that the children could not even see nature. For six hours the life of these children is an artificial one. As a rule, the apparatus which they use is artificial, and they are taught in an artificial manner about artificial things. To even whisper about the song of a mocking-bird or the chirp of a squirrel in a near-by tree, or to point to a stalk of corn or a wild flower, or to speak about a Holstein cow and her calf, or a little colt and its mother grazing in an adjoining field, is a sin for which they must be speedily and often severely punished. I have seen teachers keep children caged up on a beautiful, bright day in June, when all nature was at her best, making them learn—or try to learn—a lesson about hills, or mountains, or lakes, or islands, by means of an artificial map or globe, when the land surrounding the school-house would be full of representations of these things. I have seen a teacher work for an hour with children, trying to impress upon them the meaning of the words lake, island, peninsula, when a brook not a quarter of a mile away would have afforded the little ones an opportunity to pull off their shoes and stockings and wade through the water, and find, not one artificial island or lake, on an artificial globe, but dozens of real islands, peninsulas, and bays. Besides the delight of wading through the water, out in the pure bracing air, in this way they would learn more about these natural divisions of the earth in five minutes than they could learn in an hour by the book method. A reading lesson taught out on the green grass under a spreading oak-tree is a lesson that one has to use little effort to get a boy to pay good attention to, to say nothing of the sense of delight and relief that comes to the teacher.

I have seen teachers make students

A YOKE OF INSTITUTE OXEN

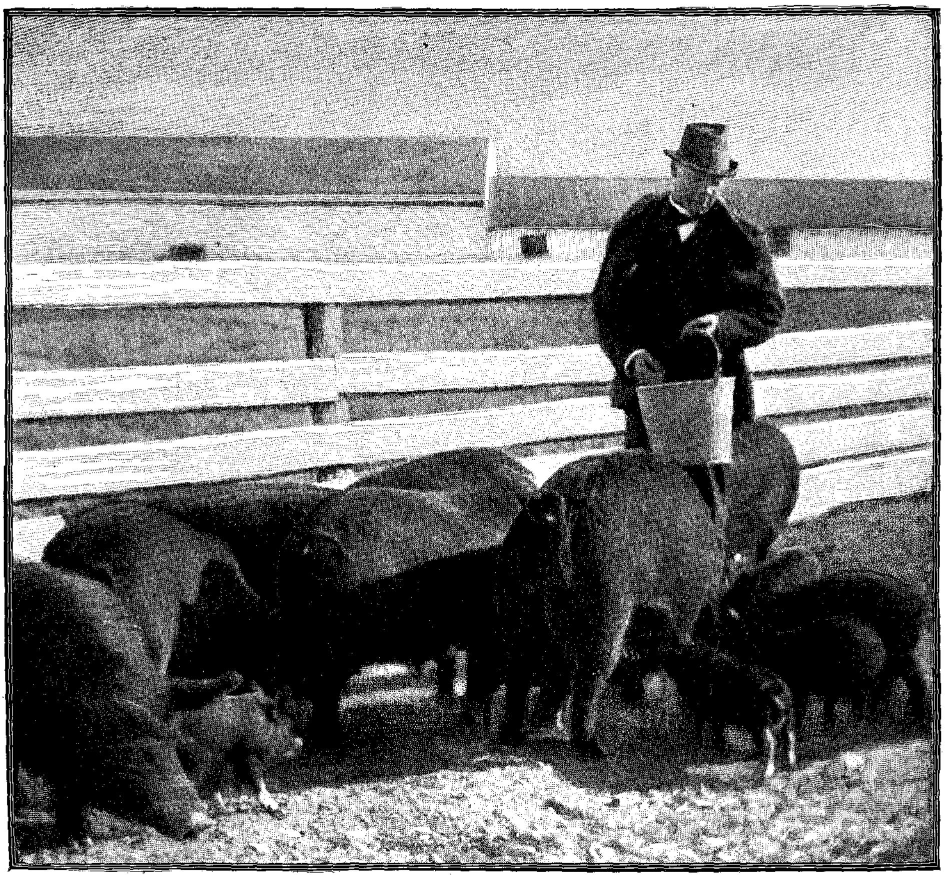


THE RABBITS—GARDEN PETS OF MR. WASHINGTON

puzzle for hours over the problem of the working of the pulley, when not a block from the school-house there would be workmen with pulleys in actual operation, hoisting bricks with which to construct the walls of a new building.

I believe that the time is not far distant when every school in the rural districts and in the small towns is going to be surrounded by a garden, and that it will be one of the main objects aimed at by the course of study to teach the child something about real country life, and about the occupations that his parents are engaged in. As it is, a very large proportion of the subjects taught in the schools have to do more or less directly with city life. Since the greater part of the child's education bears upon city life, as soon as he gets old enough, he naturally goes to the city for occupation and for residence.

I am glad to say that at the Tuskegee Institute we now have in process of erection a new school-house in and about which, so far as we can do so, the little children of the town and vicinity will be taught, in addition to books, the real things which they will be called upon to use in their homes. Since Tuskegee is surrounded by people who earn their living by agriculture, there will be about this school-house three acres of ground on which the children are to be taught to cultivate flowers, shrubbery, vegetables, grains, cotton, and other crops. In addition they are to be taught cooking, laundering, sewing, sweeping, and dusting, how to set a table, and how to make a bed—the things by which they are to live.



OF ALL THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS THE PIGS ARE MOST INTERESTING

I have referred to this building as a "school-house," but we are not going to call it that, because the name is too formal. We are going to call it "The Children's House."

Also, in the training of the negro ministers for our people, especially those who are to work among the people who live in the smaller towns and country districts, where, in the Gulf States, eighty-five per cent. of our people reside, I wish that something of the real conditions these ministers are to meet might be kept in mind.

In this, as in too many other things, the negro minister is trained to meet conditions that exist in New York or in Chicago—in a word, it is too often taken for granted that there is no difference between the work to be done by negro ministers among our people after only thirty-five years of freedom, and that to be done among the white people who have had the advantages of centuries of freedom and development.

The negro ministers, except those who go to the large cities, go among an agricultural people, as a rule—people who, of course, lead an outdoor life. They are poor, without homes or ownership in farms, without proper knowledge of agriculture, in most cases people who are able to pay their minister but a small and uncertain salary—such a small salary that no one can live on it honestly and pay his bills promptly.

During the three or four years that the minister has spent in the theological classroom, scarcely a single subject that concerns the every-day life of his future people has been discussed. He is taught more about the soil of the valley of the Nile, or of the valley of the river Jordan, than about the soil of the State in which the people of his church are to live and to work.

What I urge is that the negro minister should be taught something about the outdoor life of the people whom he is to lead. More than that, it would help matters immensely if in some more practical and direct manner this minister could be taught to get the larger portion of his own living from the soil—be taught to love outdoor work, and to make his garden, his farm, and his farm-house object-lessons for his people.

The negro minister who earns his living in a large part on the farm is independent, and can reprove and rebuke the people when they do wrong. It is not so with the one who is wholly dependent upon his congregation for his bread. What is equally important, an interest in agricultural production and a love for work tend to keep a minister from that idleness which, in the case of some men not so employed, proves a cause for their yielding to temptation.

To me there is nothing more delightful and restful than to spend a portion of each Sabbath afternoon in the woods with my family, near some little stream where we can gather wild flowers and listen to the singing of the mocking-birds and the ripple of the water. This, after a good sermon in the morning, seems to take us very near to nature's God, and prepares me not only for my evening "talk" in the

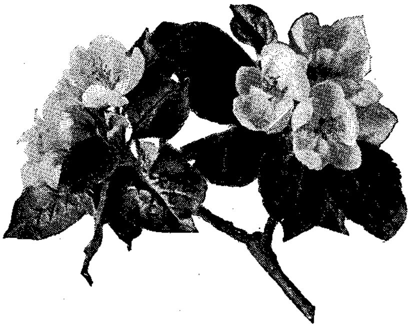
AMONG THE DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS

chapel to our students and teachers, but also for the week's work.

At least once a week I make it a practice to spend an hour or more among the people of Tuskegee and vicinity—among the merchants and farmers, white and black. In these talks with the real people I can get at the actual needs and conditions of the people for whom our institution is at work.

When talking to a farmer, I always feel that I am talking with a real man and not an artificial one—one who can keep me in close touch with the world as it actually exists. When talking with a simple, honest cultivator of the soil, I am sure of getting first-hand, original information. I have secured more illustrations that I have found useful in public addresses in a half-hour's talk with some white or colored farmer than from hours of reading books.

If I were a minister, I think I should make it a point to spend a day in each week in close, unconventional touch with the masses of the people. A vacation spent in visiting farmers, it seems to me, would often prepare one as thoroughly for his winter's work as a vacation spent in visiting the cities of Europe.



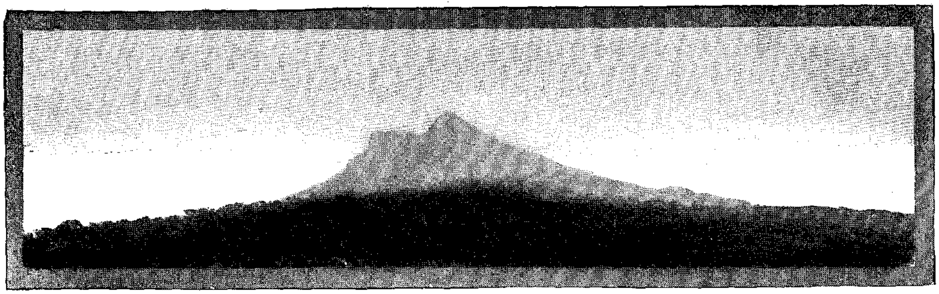
Apart

By Mabel Earle

Had it been mine to choose, I should have prayed,
"Let me go forth, my Lord, and meet the brunt
Of strife against Thy foemen, fierce arrayed,
Fighting or falling at the battle's front.
Comfort me not with ease," I should have said,
"Or peaceful days, lest sword and spear grow blunt;
Give me to share the fight my brothers share;
Their wounds, their want, their triumph, their despair."

God chose instead, and set mine eager feet
Close within walls I cannot pass at will;
The noise of shouting where His armies meet
Drifts to me faint from yonder far-off hill;
My days are silent; pastures green and sweet
Beside me spread, and healing waters still.
Alas, my brothers! was I faint of heart
Or weak of hand, so to be set apart?

Yet in the silence here the self-same foe
Creeps in upon me still through sun and shade.
He fronts me sudden for the overthrow,
He follows on my steps with poisoned blade.
The weary watch by day and night I know,
The wounds, the thirst, the looking forth for aid.
So did my God, denying, grant my prayer;
So, set apart, my brothers' lot I bear.



THE SURFACE OF A HARDWOOD FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

THE FORESTER AND HIS WORK

By Philip W. Ayres

The illustrations for this article were secured through the courtesy of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the Bureau of Forestry, Washington, D.C., Mr. F. H. Newell and Mr. H. E. Pressey, of the United States Geological Survey, General C. C. Andrews, Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota, and Professors B. E. Fernow and John Gifford, of the New York State College of Forestry.

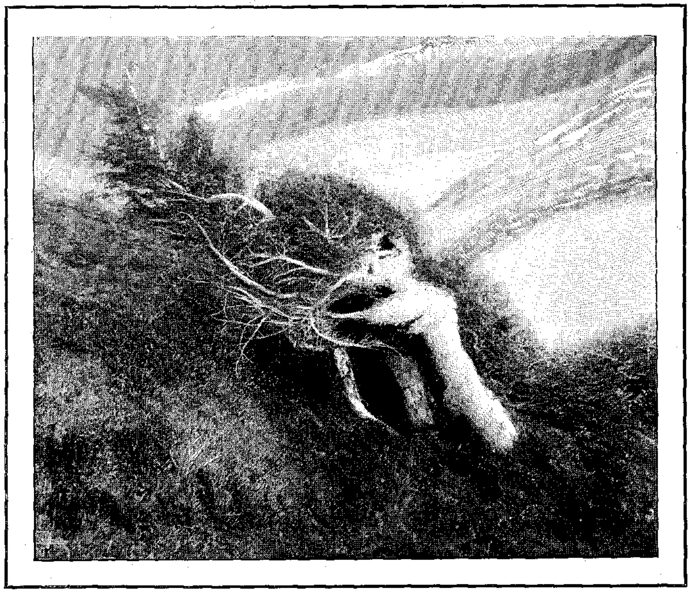
TO the fortunate person who spends his vacation in the forest, many of its secrets are revealed. And yet he may camp by shady streams without learning why the willow is found only on the banks, or may toil through swamps without knowing why the spruce and balsam inherit this portion of the earth. It is the forester who knows best the inner life of the forest. To him bark and bending branches are a compass. In the deep woods he is as much at home as the squirrels and ruffled grouse about him; he roams as freely as the deer, and is not more lost than the mariner in mid-ocean. Win his confidence and he will take you into the high forest, as he calls it, and teach you the habits of each forest tree—the pine, the hemlock, the oak, the beech, and the sycamore. He will point out to you their difficulties in youth, their wars in adolescence, their constant struggle with frost and drought and storm, and their causes of decay. He knows their value to mankind. He knows the useful birds and insects. By means of his ax he can manage the light and shade in the forest so that desirable seedlings shall have an advantage and grow into long, fair stems, useful for timber. When the crop is ripe, he harvests it, sometimes denuding large areas, but always developing a new forest either from mother trees of the chosen species to reseed the ground, or by replanting. He does not for a moment lose sight of his chief object, which is to grow a young and vigorous forest in place of the old one.

The forester watches the signs of inanimate life, and listens to other than human speech. You must penetrate his reserve in order to share his knowledge. To be also a successful business manager, the forester must know the uses and value of wood, study prices, survey his tracts of land, construct roads and railroads, build dams and bridges, and manage his sawmill and his lumber camps. But his chief accomplishment is his skill to make useful trees grow in the forest. Having gained his confidence, these are some of the things that he will tell you:

The distribution of trees in the forest depends first of all upon the seed, how it is carried and where it falls. The winged seeds of the pines and spruces, of the birches, elms, and poplars, travel far and have a great advantage. "They fly for miles and cover the world." It appears that as the ice age retreated northward, winged seeds obtained possession of large tracts of land, and have kept them since that time, from generation to generation. This accounts for the forests of unmixed pine and spruce at the north, and for the absence in localities of the slower-traveling walnut, chestnut, and beech, not yet found in all of the places adapted to their growth; but this theory does not account for the wide range of the oak, which spreads because it is more tenacious of life than other trees and grows in every kind of soil. The oak can cross a sandy tract or a marsh that bars the progress of other trees. Squirrels aid the nut trees, a pair having been known to plant walnuts in spots over four acres. Opossums are fond of persimmons, and spread its seed throughout a neighborhood, the gastric juice of this little animal having the effect of softening the hard seed-coat, enabling the seed to grow more easily. The robin devours the berries of the common red cedar tree, or juniper, and it has been pointed out that the range of the tree and the bird are the same, from the swamps of Florida, over the sands of New Jersey, to the cold of Canada, and westward to the Rocky Mountains. In the vicinity of the city of Washington red cedar trees are growing in rows along the fences where robins have perched. Birds are said also to have carried the black cherry westward from farm to farm.

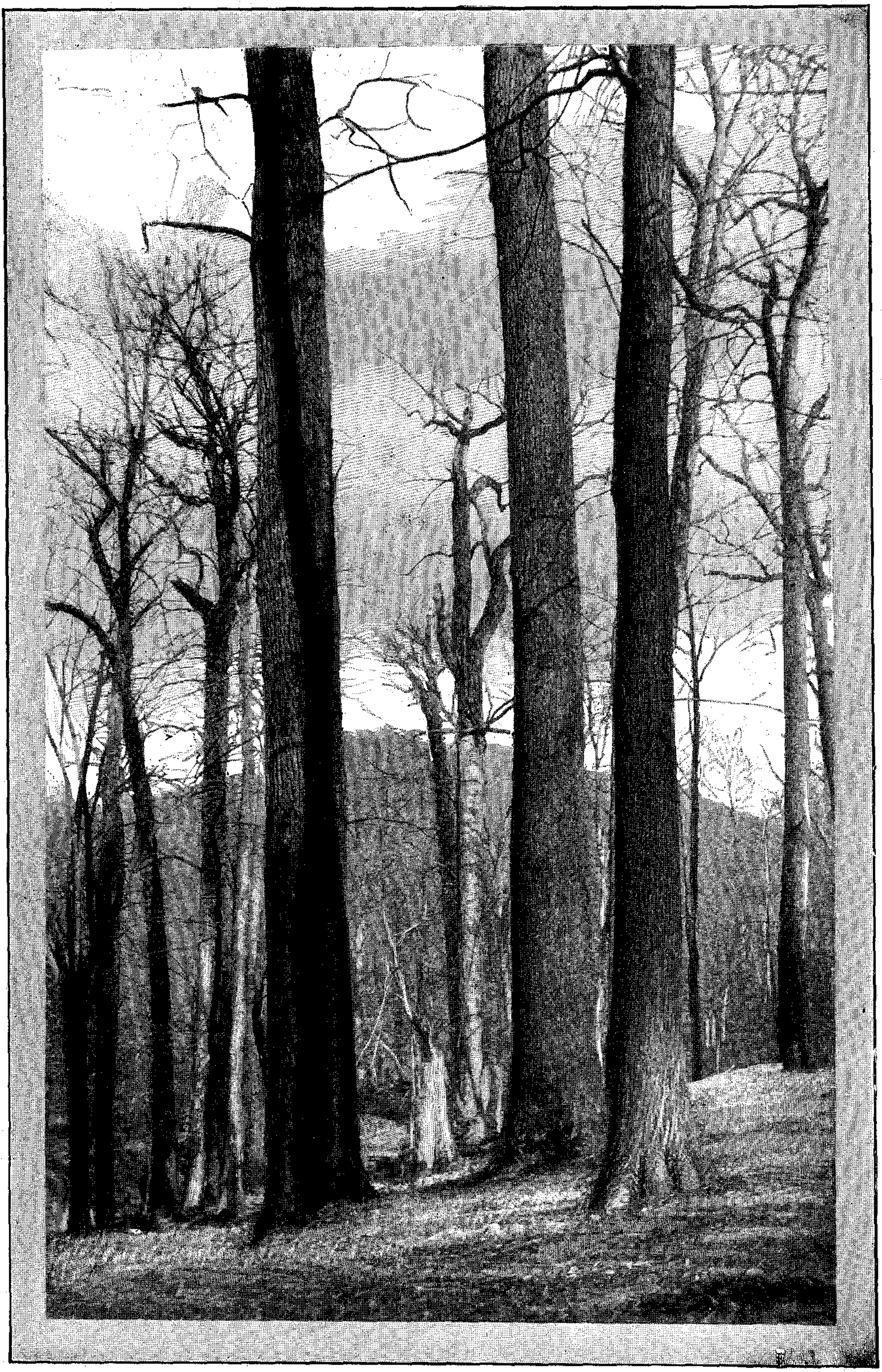
Some seeds have an advantage in retaining for a long period their vital power to grow, the hard-coated ones holding over for several years. But the light silky seeds of the willow are short-lived, lasting not more than a few days at most, or even one day. They go forth upon the winds by myriads, most of them to perish, those only being able to grow that quickly find moisture. Hence the location of the willow along streams and in marshes, although, when started, it flourishes in driest soils and is even used to keep dry sands from shifting.

The forest is fiercely but silently at war with itself. There is no visible array of forces, no display, no organization. It is a war of individual competition, whose destructive effects are seen not only upon trees of other species, but also upon different trees of the same species, and even upon the roots, twigs, and leaves of the same tree. This war is for light and for moisture. Many trees will not tolerate shade in any degree, but demand the full light. These intolerant species include the tulip-tree and the chestnut as well as the birch and the aspen. These latter grow quickly over burned areas, and serve a useful purpose in preventing the soil from drying out or from washing away, acting as nurse trees to the seedlings of pine and beech and hemlock that sooner or later grow up in their midst and take their places. The intolerant trees are sometimes crowded entirely out of the deep woods; thus the sycamore is usually found only about the edge of the forest,



A SUCCESSFUL BARRIER AGAINST THE STORMS

At timber line on Mount Rainier, in the National Park, Washington.



TULIP-TREES IN THE BLACK MOUNTAINS, NORTH CAROLINA

PINES OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA
In the proposed National Park.

or in open places along the streams. The cypress is an intolerant tree whose swollen, fluted stems stand thick in Southern swamps. Its seedlings and young trees, demanding light, are killed out in the forest shade. This tree takes refuge in the swamp, not because it loves the water, but because there it finds the necessary light, and is beyond the competition of trees that cannot endure water. The cypress, when growing in wet places, sends up from its spreading roots long round knobs or "knees," varying in height from a few inches to two feet above the surface. These are supposed to secure oxygen from the air, but their real purpose is not known.

On the other hand, many species of trees are tolerant, enduring shade in different degrees, often attaining thus an honorable place in the dense forest. By this quality young beech and maple hold their own among taller comrades. Their slow growth above ground in early years is counterbalanced by the growth of a deep, strong root system that enables them to outlive their more pushing neighbors and to take their places. Spruce is one of the most tolerant trees. It has been known to grow for one hundred and fifty years in low, stunted form, making little headway, when, by the removal of neighbors, it secured access to the light and became in the course of the next century a full-sized, flourishing tree. When felled, this was shown by the annual rings—an unerring index of the life-growth of any tree.

There is the same war among trees for moisture. All trees prefer a deep, rich, moist but not wet soil, and show wide differences in adapting themselves to unfavorable conditions. The war for moisture is underground in the dark earth, where rootlets compete for water as the leaves above for light. There is the same tireless energy and struggle to the death. The trees unable to secure sufficient water become weaklings and die, or are blown down by the wind, victims of thirst. In spite of this competition, trees standing together protect each other by preventing the soil from drying out. The rain that falls upon the forest does not quickly flow away, as in the fields. It trickles down the leaves, and runs down the branches and the stem. The great drops fall slowly upon the rough forest floor. Each dried leaf tends to retard its flow, and it sinks finally into the ground. The crevices of the soil become filled; the holes of the earthworms become storehouses from which the tender, fibrous rootlets drink. When the sun shines hot, the leaf-canopy above and the leaf-mold below prevent its evaporating rays from disturbing this important process. The sap flows up through the roots and porous, woody stem to the leaves of the tree, where it is digested, taking carbon from the air and giving off its unused oxygen. The food is distributed to buds and branches, stem and roots, and the tree has grown by one annual ring. A standing tree is sixty per cent. water, in chemical composition, in sap, and in water stored in the pores. Much of the water that permeates the forest soil appears later in springs and streams that would dry up and disappear if the forests were destroyed and the rainfall swept over the surface in floods.

Among trees that consent to grow in wet places the cypress has been mentioned. Spruce and balsam have shallow roots enabling them to adapt themselves to thin swamp soils as well as to the thin soil of the mountain sides. Being tolerant trees also, they can take and keep possession of these less-desired places. The eucalyptus-tree, a rapid-growing tree introduced from Australia, has such power to suck up moisture from the soil and transpire it that it is said to drain certain swampy areas not otherwise manageable, and even to change malarial to healthful

DESTRUCTIVE OVER-GRAZING

Cascade Forest Reserve, Oregon.

climate; but the whole subject of the influence of the forest on climate is in dispute. The Sanitary Commission of Havana is making some experiments with the eucalyptus-tree in the vicinity of that city.

Among the trees that grow in dry places are the pines, the red cedar, and some of the oaks. The pines have long tap-roots that dig deep into sandy soil. A tree of the Southern long-leafed pine had a root that measured eight inches in diameter thirty feet below the surface of the ground. The holly grows sparsely over the New Jersey sand-dunes, but with sufficient tenacity to show that forests might grow instead of scattered trees, if the people of that State should ever find it necessary to reclaim their waste lands after the manner of the thrifty inhabitants of Holland. Such forests, in addition to the wood and lumber that they produce, protect inland areas from blowing sand. The forestation of the dunes on Cape Cod by the State of Massachusetts affords precedent for such action in this country.

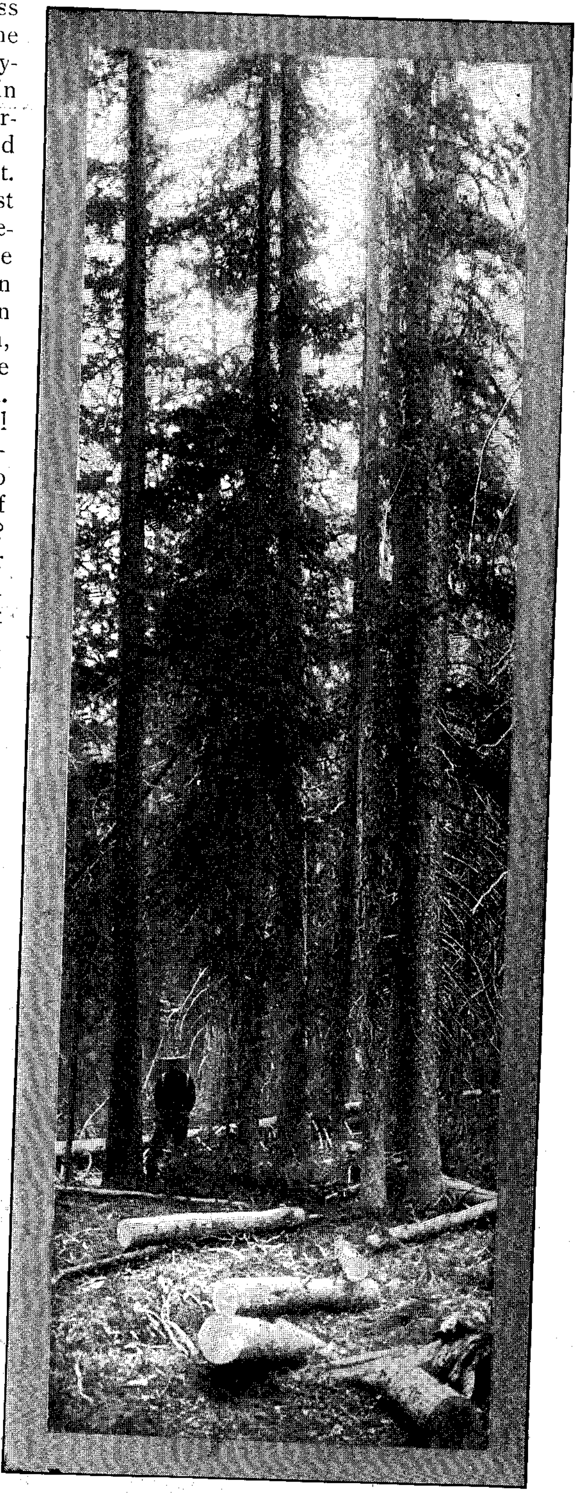
The power of a tree to maintain its life against great odds is seen at timber-line on the mountains. Here the storms of wind and ice beat it out of shape, and yet it clings closer to the earth and puts forth its leaves in defiance of the storm. If this excites our admiration and our pity, we should remember that the heroisms and tragedies of ordinary forest life are far more numerous and equally deplorable. Trees yield their lives as reluctantly to each other as to the storm. Nature in the forest is both powerful and ruthless. Her inexorable law puts down the weakling and favors the forward and the strong. It is the business of the forester to understand Nature's processes, and, when possible, so to regulate the growth of trees that the uses of the forest are conserved and they become more valuable to mankind.

FOREST NEAR SCHEVENINGEN, HOLLAND

The uses of the forest to man and its influence upon his life are seldom fully realized. In the United States two-thirds of the people use wood for fuel and one-half live in wooden houses. The business interests centered in the forest are second only to agriculture, and surpass those of mining. They include the lumber business, with all its employees in milling and logging and in transportation, all of the manufacturing enterprises that use wood, and the handling of timber for export. As a protective agency the forest keeps the soil in place, limits destructive floods, and tends to equalize the flow of rivers so that navigation throughout the year is possible. In the West the systems of irrigation, increasing from year to year, are dependent upon forest preservation.

The forest has also an ethical value. Who can estimate its influence upon the human spirit? Who can account for the fascination of the forest, or fathom its mystery? Our early ancestors knew its power upon the soul. We find that in primitive religious forms the oak groves of the Druids, like the sacred trees of India, formed our earliest forest reservations. The forest changes the habits and character of men, and aids in molding a nation's character and literature.

All life within the forest is under the forester's care—the game, the fish, the birds, the insects, and the fungi. Insects and fungus growth are essential to forest life. To what extent the flowers of forest trees are dependent upon bees and other insects for pollenization is not known, but that these do their useful work here as elsewhere is certain. The fungus that hastens the decay of fallen leaves, broken limbs, and dead trunks is an important element in soil-making, without which fertility would be lost. On the other hand, certain insects and fungi become destructive pests, particularly after forest fires have weakened the vitality of trees, or lumbermen have left masses of slash to decay. The bark-beetle, for instance, follows the wood-choppers, becoming so prolific upon the fallen material as to attack also the standing trees in great numbers. The wood-borer gets under the bark and bores its way through the wood, making it useless for lumber. Fungus of different forms



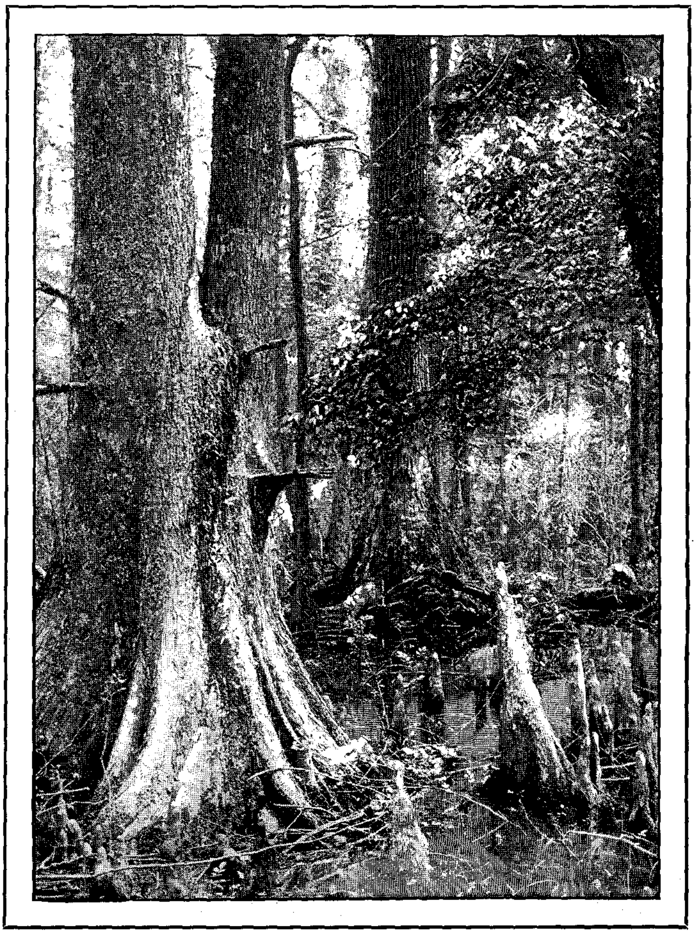
SPRUCE-TREES 250 YEARS OLD, IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, COLORADO

9,000 feet above the level of the sea.

thrives on all dead material, and upon trees whose vitality is unable to throw it off, spreading its spores, too heavily to be resisted, upon all trees in the neighborhood. Against certain pests the forester has no redress but to cut down his trees at once to prevent their further destruction. His chief efforts, therefore, are to prevent the development of pests, and to this end he keeps his forest free, as far as possible, from slash or other decaying woody growth. His friends are the birds that eat harmful insects.

The chief enemy of the forest is fire. When under full headway in a pine or spruce forest, no human agency can stop it; towns and villages disappear before it, and the loss of property is second only to the loss of life. How terrible were the fires sweeping over the pine regions of Wisconsin and Michigan several years ago! In one of these, the Hinckley fire, it is estimated that five thousand persons lost their lives. Its smoke drifted all the way eastward to the ocean. A map soon to be published by the Geological Survey in Washington shows that one-third to one-half of the State of Oregon has been burned over, and other States have suffered in nearly equal measure. A group of scientific men appointed to investigate the Western forests in 1897 reported: "Your committee, traveling for six weeks through northern Montana, Idaho, and Washington, and through western Washington and Oregon, were almost constantly enveloped in the smoke of forest fires. . . . Nearly every summer their smoke obscures for months the sight of the sun over hundreds of square miles."

There are extensive areas in the lake States and in the West over which fires



A TENTED CYPRESS-TREE WITH KNEES
Great Dismal Swamp, Virginia.

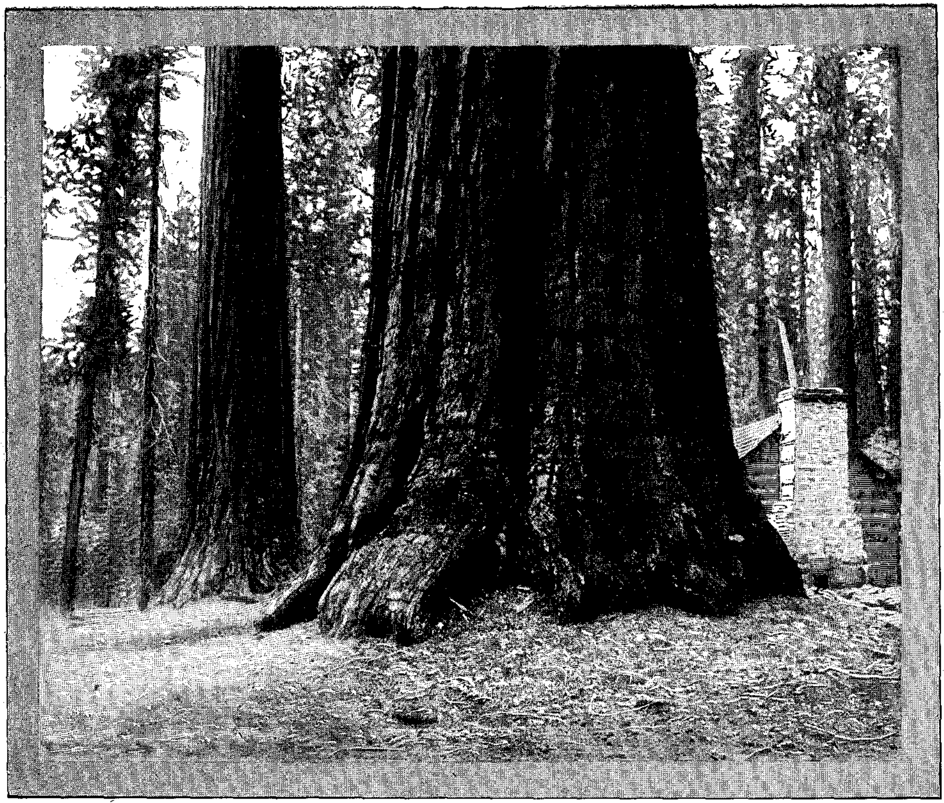
HOLLIES ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY

Sand-dune capable of dense forest.

have swept so repeatedly, destroying the fallen leaves, killing the seeds and all growth, that the soil seems to have lost its capacity to produce trees. In the lake States the area cut over and then burned over is estimated at four million acres. These have produced hitherto the finest white pines that the world has seen, and may do so again if reclaimed and replanted. To neglect them is a waste of resource not only of the States in which they are situated, but of the Nation as well. Most forest fires arise from the sparks from railway locomotives, but a large number in all parts of the country are caused every year by careless camping and hunting parties. It is easy to think that the camp fire is entirely extinguished, when some unnoticed punky root smolders on and on, creating in the end great devastation.

Another enemy of the forest is overgrazing in certain portions of the West. If the forest were merely for raising timber, one might question whether the sheep-raising business were not the more important, and the forest justly sacrificed. Much sheep-grazing is not harmful to the forest; but when thousands of sheep tread out all young growth, and loosen the soil on the mountain slopes so that it washes away, the injury is irreparable.

The forester has no serious quarrel with the lumberman, but differs from him in this, that the forester replants, or reseeds the ground from mother trees, protecting the soil and starting a new forest in place of the old. In America the lumberman denudes large areas and is often criticised for it; but in Saxony, where forestry is most highly developed, skillful foresters do the same, except that the Saxon, under State supervision, replants his areas. American forests can probably be lumbered less destructively than at present and with equal profit, but what interest has the lumberman in a distant future, or what incentive to greater care? Most of the leading European nations, except England, which has let her forest interests decline, have been forced to bring their forests under direct State control, finding the problems involved far too vital to the national life to be intrusted to private management. In this country New York State, Pennsylvania, and the Federal Government have clearly recognized the same principle. New York has expended more than a million of dollars and acquired more than a million acres of land toward the proposed State park in the Adirondacks. When fully acquired, it will include the greater portion of those mountains. The State has purchased also about seventy-five thousand acres in the Catskill Mountains. Pennsylvania has purchased about one hundred and fifty thousand acres in her mountains to protect the headwaters



A CONTEMPORARY OF THE PHARAOHS

Mariposa Grove, California.

of the Ohio and the waters of the Susquehanna and the Delaware.

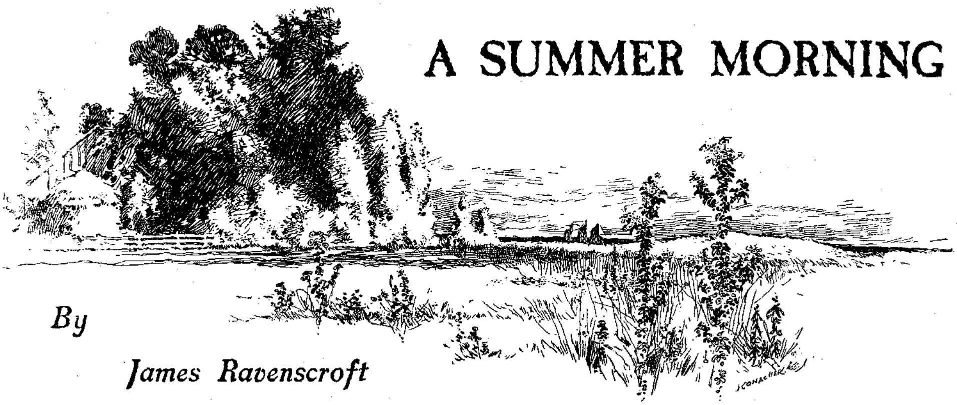
Through the influence of the American Forestry Association and the Department of the Interior, President Harrison was given the power and was induced in 1891 to begin the policy of withdrawing timber land in the West from sale as a part of the public domain, and to create forest reservations. He set apart thirteen and a half million acres. This policy has been followed by later Presidents, Mr. Cleveland setting aside in one act on Washington's Birthday, 1897, seventeen million acres. President McKinley has thus far set apart six and a half million acres. Our total forest reservations now cover portions of California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, and other Western States and Territories. With the National parks, about fifty-six million acres are now reserved. It is expected that upon these reservations continuity of forest growth will be guarded, and lumbering under proper conditions permanently carried on.

The five National parks thus far established are the Yellowstone Park in Wyoming, the Yosemite Valley in California, the Mount Rainier Park in Washington, and the General Grant and Sequoia Parks in California. The Mount Rainier Park, which is said to rival the Swiss mountains in beauty, has, besides its snow-capped mountains and variety of forest growth, extensive and active glaciers.

Three additional National parks have been proposed. Their establishment has been urged upon Congress by various scientific associations, and quite generally by the press. The first of these is the Southern Appalachian Park in the mountains of North Carolina, Tennessee, and the immediately adjoining States. About Mount Mitchell, the "great black dome," highest in the Alleghany range, are extensive forests of spruce, while on lower ranges about Grandfather Mountain and the bases of the Great Smoky range are wide-reaching forests of deciduous trees. These are practically the only remaining hardwood forests untouched by lumbermen. The second proposed National park is in northern Minnesota, in a wilderness of lakes that rival those of the Adirondacks. About their shores and upon their islands are found what are said to be the only remaining forests of ancient white pine, and the lumbermen are already making inroads. A portion of this proposed park is an Indian reservation, and the Federal Government must purchase it from the Indians if the park is made. The Indians desire to sell to the Government, knowing that if their timber is sold to private contractors their interests are sure to suffer. The pines on these lands themselves stand like happy warriors; they are the finest of their race and should be preserved. By retaining all of the noblest of these trees, the park could still be conservatively lumbered with the probability of profit. The third proposed park includes the Calaveras or Mammoth Grove of giant trees in California. The remarkable longevity of these trees, from four to six thousand years, has led to the belief that naturally a tree has no limit of age. It may live indefinitely unless destroyed by fire, insects, fungus, wind, or by the hand of man. A number of these trees, the oldest known on the earth, have been blown to pieces by dynamite and cut into grape-stakes. Recently dummy engines have been taken into the groves and the trees have been felled and logged by steam-power.

Valuable as are the National forests and National parks, they are very far from solving the American forestry problem. The price of lumber is already advancing because of the exhaustion of the first easily obtained supply. Logging is now carried on more carefully, and farther up the streams and mountains. The pressure is likely to grow stronger. The protection of remaining forests from fire, the checking of erosion over vast denuded areas, the prevention of destructive floods—these cannot safely be neglected. The next step forward in forestry is a keener appreciation of their needs on the part of the people in each State, leading to State control of non-agricultural land.

A SUMMER MORNING



By

James Ravenscroft

Give me the gospel of the fields and woods—
The sermons written in the book of books;
The sweet communion of the things of earth
Fresh with the warm baptism of the sun.
Give me the offertory of bud and bloom,
The perfect caroling of happy birds.
Give me the creed of one of God's fair days
Wrought in the beauty of its loveliness;
And then, the benediction of the stars,
His eloquent ministers of the night.

The Rights of Man

A Study in Twentieth Century Problems

By Lyman Abbott

Chapter IX.—Religious Rights

WHAT are the relations of the State to religion? In most countries until a very recent period it has been believed that the duty of the Church is to protect its subjects from irreligious teachers and from false religious teachers. In practically all countries excepting the United States it is still the opinion that it is the duty of the State to support, sustain, and sanction true religious teaching; and in substantially all churches, whether in the United States or out of it, it is believed to be the duty of the Church, though not necessarily of the State, to prevent and to punish false religious teaching, and, therefore, to determine what is true religious teaching, and to determine it with a certain degree of authority. Before it is possible for us to understand the religious rights of man, at least as I desire to present them here, it is necessary to understand this view which has been held up to a very recent period throughout the civilized world, and is to-day held in a very considerable proportion of the civilized world, though in a modified form. That doctrine I wish to state, free from prejudice and in as sympathetic a manner as possible; for I desire to get for myself, and to give to my reader, the point of view of those who believe in some kind of organic authority in religion, either in the Church or in the State, or in both combined.

The Hebrew commonwealth was a theocracy. The king of that commonwealth was Jehovah. All power was supposed to be derived from him, all authority centered in him. Therefore, to attempt to turn the minds and loyalty of the people away from him was treason. It is not proper to say that there was a union of Church and State in the Hebrew commonwealth: they were really one organization exercising different functions. The Church was the State conducting public worship; the State was the Church administering law. In all lands—including our own, in theory, though not in practice—treason is a capital offense. The attempt to destroy the loyalty of the people to their country or to their king has in all ages been punished with death, and it was so punished in the Hebrew commonwealth. A single extract from its laws will suffice to illustrate this:

> If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods, which thou hast not known, and let us serve them; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul. Ye shall walk after the Lord your God, and fear him, and keep his commandments, and obey his voice, and ye shall serve him, and cleave unto him. And that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, shall be put to death; because he hath spoken to turn you away from the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed you out of the house of bondage, to thrust thee out of the way which the Lord thy God commanded thee to walk in.[1]

He was to be put to death, not because he prophesied falsely: the fact that the event which he prophesied came to pass made no difference. He was to be put to death because he was guilty of treason, in attempting to turn away the loyalty of the people from their king.

Jesus Christ came preaching that the kingdom of heaven is at hand; but he gave to this phrase, kingdom of heaven, a new significance. He declared that the kingdom of God was not to be a kingdom like other kingdoms. It was not to dominate other kingdoms. It was spiritual in its nature, and it was to dominate the world by pervading the other kingdoms. There was no room, therefore, in the kingdom as he proclaimed it for political treason, for there was no political organization, and no political head to which the individual could be traitor. There was a spiritual organization, which was endeavoring to implant new principles and to inspire with new life all political organizations, the ultimate end of whose work should be seen when the kingdoms of this world should have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. The kingdoms of the world would remain world-kingdoms, but they would be world-kingdoms subject to, because pervaded by, the spirit of Christianity. But though this was a spiritual kingdom and its power would be a spiritual power, the same absolute loyalty was required by Christ in the new theocracy that had been required by Jehovah in the old theocracy. Christ was infinitely patient in dealing with errors and with faults; but whoever undertook to join his organization must give to him absolute and implicit obedience. When he called his first disciples, he told them they must forsake all in order to follow him; and they did. When a rich young man came running to him, and knelt down in the way asking what he should do to inherit eternal life, he said to him: You cannot come into the fellowship unless you forsake everything and come after me. When he would have washed Peter's feet, and Peter objected, he refused to give any explanation, saying in effect, I shall either wash your feet or this is an end of your relationship to this society; you can have no more part in me. When a certain scribe came and said, "I will follow thee, but first let me go and bury my dead," he said, "No, there is no 'first.'" He required absolute, immediate, instant, unconditional obedience to him; nothing else.

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[1] Deut. xiii., 1-5.

Thus the old theocracy was centered around Jehovah; thus the new theocracy was centered around Jesus Christ. And as the new theocracy went out to pervade the kingdoms of the world with its spirit, Christ was recognized as a risen Christ, and the new theocracy was centered around an invisible Master, as the old theocracy had been centered around an invisible King. This new Christian theocracy went out into the Roman world, which was pre-eminently a world of order and organization, into the Greek world, which was pre-eminently a world of philosophy and thought. It pervaded them, it did something to transform them; but they also did something to transform this new theocracy. In a very little while the Christian Church became a great imperial hierarchy organized in conformity with the methods of Roman imperialism, and a new school of philosophy, pervaded by the critical spirit of the Greek thought. It required the same loyalty that the old Hebrew commonwealth required; it required the same loyalty that the primitive Christian Church required; but it required loyalty to a different object. It was no longer loyalty to an invisible King; it was loyalty to a visible hierarchy and a visible creed. The nature of the organization had been changed, the nature of the object to which the loyalty was attached had been changed, but the loyalty was still required by this third religious organization, the mediæval Church. This loyalty was required to an organization and to the philosophy which the organization taught.

At first the mediæval Church contented itself with employing no other penalty than that which the primitive Church had employed in apostolic times; it simply said to men, If you do not accept our creed and our authority, you are outside our Church; we excommunicate you. But as the Church grew in power, as it acquired control of political organizations, and as mere banishment from the ecclesiastical organization did not suffice to prevent independence of thought, the Church re-established the old Hebraic penalty; it said, If you are disloyal to our teaching, if you teach that which is contrary to it, you must suffer death. And it quoted from the Old Testament and from the New Testament in support of its doctrine that disloyalty to the principles of the order required death. It quoted such passages as I have just referred to; it quoted such a parable as that in which Christ said, "Go out and compel them to come in," or that in which he declared that "the branch that beareth no fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire."

The cruelties of the ecclesiastical penalties of the Middle Ages were not peculiarly ecclesiastical; it is a mistake to charge them to the Church; they belong to the epoch. The age was one which believed in the deterrent power of penalty. It believed that the greater the penalty, the greater the deterrent power; the more horrible and the more manifest the suffering, the more likely that the offense would not be repeated. An age in which offenses against person and property were punished by burning at the stake, by flaying alive, by boiling in oil, by tearing men asunder by wild horses, naturally punished heresy in similar fashion. And yet, in theory, the Church never inflicted penalties. The Church assumed the authority to determine what was true, and whether any particular teacher was teaching in accordance with the truth. That question decided, it handed over the individual convicted of teaching against the truth to the civil authorities, and they inflicted the penalty. It is true that the Church taught that the State ought to inflict penalties; it did this in no uncertain language. Thomas Aquinas said: "The corruption of doctrine is worse than the corruption of coin; because the corruption of doctrine threatens the eternal soul, and corruption of coin only impairs the present commercial prosperity." But the Church left the State to protect the community from false doctrine by the infliction of penalties, while the Church determined what was true and what was false.

Thus, historically, grew up the doctrine that the State and Church combined are to determine what is religious truth and to protect the community from religious error. This doctrine rests on four postulates. The first is that the fundamental need of humanity, the pre-eminent and transcendent need of humanity, is the need of religious truth; that there is a system of comprehensive religious truth, which can be known, and every man ought to be enabled to learn it; but that if every individual is left to find out the truth for himself, and to preach truth or error as he pleases, room is left for perpetual confusion, and the foundations of accuracy and certitude in the whole realm of religious teaching are destroyed. This doctrine is clearly expressed by John Henry Newman in an essay written before he became a Roman Catholic:

> There is this obvious, undeniable difficulty in the attempt to form a theory of Private Judgment, in the choice of a religion, that Private Judgment leads different minds in such different directions. If, indeed, there be no religious truth, or at least no sufficient means of arriving at it, then the difficulty vanishes: for where there is nothing to find, there can be no rules for seeking, and contradiction in the result is but a *reductio ad absurdum* of the attempt. But such a conclusion is intolerable to those who search, else they would not search; and therefore on them the obligation lies to explain, if they can, how it comes to pass that Private Judgment is a duty, and an advantage, and a success, considering it leads the way not only to their own faith, whatever that may be, but to opinions which are diametrically opposite to it; considering it not only leads them right, but leads others wrong, landing them as it may be in the Church of Rome, or in the Wesleyan connection, or in the Society of Friends.[1]

This assumes that the object of the quest of man is to know religious truth; and that the knowledge of such truth is a fundamental necessity of the religious life.

The second postulate is that, inasmuch as there is a necessity for a revelation of a complete and comprehensive system of religious truth, there has been given to the world by God a complete and comprehensive organization to furnish this system of religious truth. This is thus stated by William Ewart Gladstone; after speaking of the necessity of developing the religious life, he goes on as follows:

> This was to be done by making men sensible that God's dispensation of love was not a dispensation to communicate his gifts by ten thousand separate channels, nor to establish with ten thousand elected souls as many distinct, independent relations. Nor, again, was it to leave them unaided, to devise and set in motion for themselves a machinery for making sympathy available and co-operation practicable among the children of a common Father. But it was to call them all into one spacious fold, under one tender Shepherd; to place them all upon one level; to feed them all with one food; to surround them all with one defense; to impart to them all the deepest, the most inward and vital sentiment of community and brotherhood and identity, as in their fall so in their recovery, as in their perils so in their hopes, as in their sins so in their graces, and in the means and channels for receiving them.[2]

The third postulate is that it is wrong for individuals to set themselves apart from this divine order or to teach something different from that which the order is teaching. Such teachers are disturbers of the public peace, they are underminers of the Christian faith, they are enemies of the Church, they are foes to religion, and they ought not to complain if they are made to suffer. Even if it be granted that some agitation is necessary, even if it be granted that some criticism of the Church is permissible, the men who criticise should be willing to suffer for the sake of their convictions. This doctrine is thus stated by John Henry Newman in his essay on Private Judgment from which I have already quoted:

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[1] Essays: Private Judgment, by John Henry Newman.

[2] "Gleanings of Past Years," Vol. I., by W. E. Gladstone.

> The first remark which occurs is an obvious one, and, we suppose, will be suffered to pass without much opposition, that, whatever be the intrinsic merits of Private Judgment, yet, if it at all exerts itself in the direction of proselytism and conversion, a certain *onus probandi* lies upon it, and it must show cause why it should be tolerated, and not rather treated as a breach of the peace and silenced "instanter" as a mere disturber of the existing constitution of things. Of course it may be safely exercised in defending what is established; and we are far indeed from saying that it is never to advance in the direction of change or revolution, else the Gospel itself could never have been introduced; but we consider that serious religious changes have a *prima facie* case against them; they have something to get over, and have to prove their admissibility before it can reasonably be allowed; and their agents may be called upon to suffer, in order to prove their earnestness, and to pay the penalty of the trouble they are causing.

Both these statements are by Protestants—one a Protestant up to the time of his death, the other a Protestant at the time of writing the essay, though afterward a Roman Catholic. The fourth postulate is based on the other three. It is that, if the State has the power, it should punish the teachers of error; if the State has not power, or if the State is indifferent, the Church should punish the teacher by turning out of its membership the man who does not agree with the comprehensive and complete system of truth held by the Church of which he is a member.

I have tried to state this doctrine as fairly as I can. I could easily have read quotations from authorities that would have made it seem more offensive. And I wish to be equally explicit in my repudiation of the doctrine in all its parts. I deny that a knowledge of religious truth is the great desideratum of life. I deny that there is or can be any complete or comprehensive system of religious truth. I deny that there is or can be any organization which can furnish such system of religious truth. And, therefore, of course I deny that there can be any right, either in Church or State, to punish, by either physical or moral penalty, the man who dissents from the commonly received religious opinion.

What is religion? Max Müller defines it as "a perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man."[1] The perception of the Infinite is not religion; that is theology. A recognition of the moral relation of man with his fellow-man is not religion; that is ethics. But such a perception as enlarges and enriches the moral life and conduct of man is religion. Religion has been defined by John Henry Newman as "the knowledge of God and of his will, and of our duties toward him."[2] That is included in the definition I have just given; but religion is more than "a knowledge of God and of his will, and of our duties toward him." One may have such a knowledge and be morally indifferent to it and morally unaffected by it. Religion has been defined as "communion between a worshiping subject and a worshiped object." That is a part of religion; but religion is not confined to worship. Religion, indeed, may exist where there is no conscious worship; religion is the play of the Infinite on the finite in the moral realm. Religion has been defined by Matthew Arnold as "conduct touched by emotion;" but it depends on what the emotion is: if the emotion comes from the Infinite, that is a good definition; but there are emotions of a baser sort. Religion is a perception of God, and such a perception as affects the moral conduct and character of the one who perceives. This is the religion of the Old Testament. The Old Testament is not a book *about* religion; it is not a book written by men who had studied the manifestations of God and written philosophically about them. It is a book *of* religion; it is the expression of the life of men who had perceived God in his world: poet, historian, prophet, lawgiver, all bear testimony to what they have seen. It is the record of their own perception of the divine within themselves, or in their fellows, or in external nature. Turning from the Old Testament to the New, we find the same apprehension of religion. The Four Gospels are the witnesses of men who had seen the divine in one man, and wrote to show what they had seen. The Book of Acts is a record written by men who had perceived this Infinite working in and through the church. The Epistles are the records of men who had perceived this Infinite in their own souls or in the souls of their fellow-men. The Apocalypse is written by some one who had seen, even in the Neronian persecution, the hand of God and the triumphs of the kingdom of God. Old and New Testament alike answer to this definition of religion, that it is such a perception of manifestations of the Infinite as affects the conduct and the character of man.

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[1] Max Müller, "Natural Religion," p. 188.
[2] "A Grammar of Assent," p. 378.

The quest of humanity is after this perception of the Infinite. It is a quest, not after truth about God, but after God himself. The two are not the same. Knowing the life of Queen Victoria as we read it in the daily papers is not knowing Queen Victoria. Reading a skillful analysis of her character is not knowing Queen Victoria. Personality cannot be analyzed; personality cannot be put into a philosophy. Knowing a man is not the same as knowing about a man. Knowing God is not the same as knowing about God. The office of religion is not to tell men about God; it is to bring them into personal acquaintance with God; it is to bring them into a perception of the Infinite himself. Truth about God is some one else's perception of the Infinite. It is not the perception of a perception that is religion; it is the perception of God. It is not the understanding of what some one else says about him; it is acquaintance with him.

Therefore the Bible cannot take the place of God. Faith in the Bible is not religion; faith in God is religion. Faith is seeing him who is invisible; faith is the evidence of things not seen: but the Bible is not unseen. If we may properly say that there may be faith in the Bible, then it is faith in the invisible spiritual experiences of the men who wrote the book; faith is not in the book, but in the life which is transcribed in the book; and that means faith in the God, the perception of whom is testified to by the writers of the book. Faith in the Church is not faith in God. The Church is a body of men and women who, more or less clearly, have had some perception of the Infinite. If we come into their fellowship, and through sympathy get from that fellowship some perception of God for ourselves, then we are getting a true religious life. But the Church and the witness of the Church cannot give religion: all that the Church can do is to report the experience of men who have had religion. Religion is the personal perception, the individual experience. Acceptance of a creed is not religion. The creed is something which the philosopher, more or less skillfully, has wrought out of the experience of those who have perceived the Infinite. To perceive their perception is not religion. Nothing is religion except to perceive what they perceived or what the men perceived out of whose perceptions they have wrought their creed. Reading Nansen is not going to the North Pole. Believing a creed is not perceiving God.

This is religion—the personal perception of the Infinite. This is the quest of humanity—not a complete knowledge, not a comprehensive system, but God himself—nothing less than God himself. And such a quest must necessarily be personal. It must be conducted by each man for himself; it cannot be done vicariously. One man may tell a thousand men about a great statesman, but if the thousand men are to know the great statesman they must meet him one by one. There is no possible way by which a personal and intimate acquaintance can be acquired for one soul vicariously by other souls. The acquaintance must be acquired by each man for himself. This is the testimony of the Bible; this is the testimony of history. The accessibility of God to every soul, the possibility of every soul coming to God—this is the teaching of the Bible, from its opening statement that God made man in his own image, to its closing statement that whosoever will may take the water of life freely. The whole record of the Bible is the record of a personal relation between the individual soul and God. The writers of the Biblical books talk to God, God answers them; they walk with him, they have fellowship with him, they report that fellowship. He is their friend, their companion, their inspirer, their counselor, their helper, their king, their father. This which is the teaching of the Bible is the teaching of history. The Hebrews thought that they were the children of God, and that God had no paternal relationship with the pagan. The mediæval Church thought that the baptized were the children of God, and that he had no paternal relation with the unbaptized. The Calvinist thought that the elect were the children of God, and that he had no paternal relation with the non-elect. The Methodist thought that God was the Father of those who had passed through a certain religious experience, and that he was not the Father of the rest of the world. We are now coming to recognize that he is the Father of Jew and Gentile, baptized and unbaptized, elect and non-elect, repentant and unrepentant, regenerate and unregenerate, of all the whole world. Fatherhood means personal relation. A father and an orphan asylum are not identical. One may get food and shelter from the orphan asylum; but he cannot get fatherhood. When Christ says to us, "Say 'Our Father which art in heaven,'" he really says, Recognize that there is a personal relation between you and God. Neither Church, Bible, nor creed is a substitute for God.

This quest after God must be individual and personal, because it is a quest after a personal God; and the result must always be partial, because the quest is by the finite concerning the infinite, and the knowledge which the finite gains of the infinite must always be fragmentary and imperfect. A complete and perfect system of truth regarding God and divine law is absolutely impossible; because God and divine law are infinite, and we are finite. All, therefore, that any man can ever see is some of the manifestations of God; all that he can ever report is something of the divine. We make our different excursions into the infinite; we bring back our different reports. Let me quote once more from John Henry Newman:

> There is this obvious and undeniable difficulty in attempting to form a theory of private judgment in the choice of a religion, that private judgment leads different minds in such different directions.

That is the glory of it—the splendor of it! Send ten thousand men in different directions, each to look with his own eyes, feel with his own heart, realize in his own experience some aspect of the divine character, and they will bring back from their quest ten thousand manifestations of God—each that manifestation which he is capable of receiving.

So it is that the engineer gets a conception of the power of God which the artist never has; and the artist a conception of the beauty of God which the mechanic never has; and the mechanic a conception of the skill of God which the statesman never has; and the statesman a conception of the justice of God which the divine never has; and the divine a conception of the kinship of man in the spiritual realm with God which the others do not easily get. Each has his own point of view, each sees his own vision. Private judgment has broken the Church up—thank God for it! For it is not individuals alone, it is churches also, that get their different points of view. Each sees a little, none sees all. The Calvinist says, God is a sovereign, and rules the whole world with infinite, unvarying, unalterable law. The Methodist says, Man is a free moral agent; he can do what he will, he is personally responsible for his actions. And not till after centuries of controversy does it at last begin to dawn on them that we may be living in a world of free moral agents, under a divine sovereign. One theologian declares that God is just and must maintain his law and will to the end of time, cost what it may. Another theologian declares that God is merciful and tender and compassionate and cares for the individual. And not till after centuries of controversy do we at last begin to learn that mercy and justice are simply different phases of the same character, that their demands are confirmatory, not contradictory, and that the greatest penalty which society can put upon a deliberate criminal is to place him under redemptive influences until he is reformed. Formerly the Unitarian said, Christ cannot be God, he is merely man; the Trinitarian said, Christ cannot be merely man, he is God. We are beginning to learn that there is a human life in God, that there is a divine life in man, that God is best seen in humanity, that humanity is never seen at its best and truest self except as God dwells in it and makes it divine.

We hear a great deal about the virtue of toleration. I do not believe in toleration. I do not thank any man for tolerating me; and I cannot conceive of myself as egotistically tolerating Cardinal Gibbons, who represents one extreme in ecclesiasticism, or President Eliot, who represents another extreme in ecclesiasticism. It is not toleration, it is catholicity we need; it is not indifference to error, it is the humility of mind which says, I see in part and I prophesy in part; my brother sees in part and prophesies in part; and by and by we will put these parts together, and then we shall—know it all? No. Then we shall know a little more than we know at present.

These, then, are my postulates. There is no complete and comprehensive system of the Infinite, and cannot be. If there were, it would do us no great good to have it; it is not what we need. There is a personal quest after the Infinite, and there is possible, what is far better than a knowledge of truth, a personal acquaintance with God. It is the right of man to pursue this quest unhindered; to find God for himself, in his own way, with his own faculties, after his own fashion. This is the absolute right of every man; his absolute right because God is accessible to all men; his absolute right because this acquaintance with God is the divine end of his existence. When a State interposes and prohibits this quest; when it says to any man, You must not find out God for yourself, or tell what you have found out to others, that State is violating the fundamental right of man. When any Church says to any man, You must not look for God yourself, you must take our definition of him; you must not go beyond the lines of that definition, or expect to find any new thing about him, that Church is not only not doing its function, it is directly antagonizing its function. It is preventing men from seeking God for themselves, by putting an ecclesiastical organization between the soul and its Father. When a creed is offered to men, and they are required to take it under penalty of some obloquy if they reject it, the imposition of such a creed violates the fundamental right of man to find God for himself. All creeds have some truth in them; no creeds have all truth in them. I am almost prepared to say that it would be safe to believe all the affirmations of the creeds, and to reject all their denials. Whenever a body of devout men have come saying, We have found this in the Infinite, that which they think they have found is presumptively in the Infinite. Whenever they have come back saying, We have not found this, it does not in the least indicate that what they have not found may not be there.

In all other ranks of life we recognize the fact that the infinite is infinite, and that finite discoveries are but fragmentary and partial. We crown with honor the man who brings back from the infinite a new discovery. He has been out into the infinite space and found a new world with his telescope. He has been out into the infinite forces of nature and discovered a new force which he can set to work for the good of mankind. He has been out into the infinite of music and created a new symphony. He has been out into the infinite realm of color and learned how to paint, not merely trees and rocks, but the very atmosphere through which we see trees and rocks. We honor the new school of art, of music, of astronomy. It is only the Church that has thought God little and has thought man big. It is only the Church that has condemned the man who has gone out into the infinite and brought back a new vision of God. I have sometimes thought I should like to write a history of the Church, for the purpose of showing that Christianity must be supernatural to have lived despite so many blunders by its friends.

Agnosticism says, We can know nothing about the infinite. Dogmatism is first cousin to agnosticism, for dogmatism says, We cannot know anything about God except what other people tell us. Over against both I here put as the foundation of religious liberty—the accessibility of God to every soul, and the consequent right of every soul to find God by its own quest, in its own way. We need to get away from the notion that the end of religious life is the acquisition of truth, and to realize that it is the acquisition of God; away from the notion that there is or can be a complete system of truth about God and divine law, and realize that he is infinite and we are finite, and that we can but know in part and prophesy in part; away from the notion that the Church is primarily a teaching institution, equipped with truth which it is to give to others, and to learn that the Church is a life-giving institution, stirring men up to do their own thinking that each reach for himself his own result; away from the mediæval notion that the loyalty of the Christian is to be to an organization, a creed, or a book, and learn that it is to be to the Jehovah of the Old Testament, the Christ of the New Testament, the God of all life.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Another Woman's Territory. By "Alien." T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 315 pages. $1.50.

Deals wholly with the trials and often unseen tragedies of every-day life. The author touches ground dangerous to tread except by the firm of foot and strong of hand, and may be said to have acquitted herself well. We are given glimpses of those common domestic tragedies resulting from moral delinquencies on the part of those whom the ties of blood forbid us to forsake or ignore. There is pictured the estrangement of a husband and wife—both feeling they are doing right. The woman high-minded, proud, austere, still idealizing the man for his artistic temperament; the man craving a sympathy which he thinks he finds in another woman. The other woman, unmarried, clean of life, always looked up to and admired, feels herself a law unto herself. In this spirit she seeks out the wife after the husband has met with a startling accident. The chapter between the two women is perhaps the best in the book. There is a probing to the core of the situation of which only two frank women could acquit themselves, and in which, although the wife triumphs, the admiration of the women for one another grows into a fast friendship. It is a scene to be appreciated by those who believe in the growth of the modern woman beyond old-time narrow standards, while still holding to the rectitude of moral law. The style is vivid, sustained, and clean cut.

Bible Studies. By Dr. G. Adolf Deissmann. Authorized Translation by Alexander Grieve, M.A., D.Phil. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 384 pages. $3.

These are largely word studies for students of the Hellenistic Greek of the New Testament and the Septuagint version of the Old Testament. An ample but as yet partially worked mine of material for such studies exists in the Egyptian papyri contemporary with the Septuagint, and the inscriptions of later Roman times. To judge how the sacred writings were then understood, the Septuagint must be set beside the Ptolemaic papyri, and the New Testament phraseology must be compared with that of the imperial inscriptions. Only so can misconceptions be eliminated, which arise from the fluid and changeful sense of religious terms. Such are the nature and purpose of the investigations whose results appear in this volume, as an installment of much more to be expected from the exploration of a vast field of research. As an introduction Professor Deissmann presents a critical discussion of "the Biblical Letters and Epistles," using the term "epistle" to distinguish the literary letter, like that to the Hebrews, from the personal letter, like that to the Romans.

Crow's-Nest (The). By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 248 pages. $1.25.

This is the story of a summer spent on a mountain-top of the Himalayas. Mrs. Cotes relates her daily experiences with charming vivacity and detail. Nothing really remarkable happens, and the range of interests is confined. Yet the quaint fancies of the narrator hold the attention, and the charm of an ideal spot, where everything unpleasant is barred out, is strongly felt. The reader will be glad to spend an hour in this delightful garden.

Dream of Empire (A). By William Henry Venables. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Venables deals with the attempt of Aaron Burr to found an empire in the Southwest and Mexico, and make himself ruler. The story is very dramatically told and plausible in situation; the characters are well grouped, and the interplay of one upon another well sustained. The sympathy of the reader rests wholly with the duped Blennerhassett. We seem to see the quiet, dreamy scholar, an Irishman by birth and descent, believing himself a direct descendant from King John, filled with the political dreams of the United Irishmen, yet living, like so many of his cultured countrymen of all generations, more with the classical ancients than with the moderns. A man of ideals rather than action, he was no match for the wily Burr. The author makes it plain, however, that at the last, even when half his fortune had passed into the hands of Burr, he would have withdrawn had it not been for the stronger will and more soaring ambition of his wife—the granddaughter of the famous General Agnew, Governor of the Isle of Wight—and fired by the soldier blood in her veins. The fate of this beautiful woman is one of the most pathetic episodes around which romance could weave itself. The author has acquitted himself cleverly. A minor character in the book, Plutarch Byles, stands out like a strong creation.

English Record of the Whaley Family and its Branches in America. Andrus & Church, Ithaca, New York. 6×8½ in. 233 pages.

Gala-Day Luncheons. By Caroline Benedict Burrell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 221 pages. $1.20.

This practical volume will doubtless benefit many who would fain have such work made easy. The proper serving of luncheons for special days, the viands suited to the occasion, and the kind and manner of decorations demanded, are all described with a minutiæ which ought to relieve the hostess of much care. The luncheons are all illustrated by good photographs.

Harrow. By J. Fischer Williams, M.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 226 pages. $1.50.

An account of the famous English public school, written chiefly, as the author tells us, for non-Harrovians; giving the story of the foundation of the school, its history down to recent times, its constitution and order of work, its buildings, its out-of-door life and games, its songs and festivals.

Her Majesty's Minister. By William Le Queux. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 364 pages. $1.50.

In this story Mr. Le Queux essays to depict the romance that might lay hidden behind the apparently prosaic diplomatic service of the present day and hour. The scenes are laid in the embassy of the British Legation at Paris during the Transvaal war. It depicts the betrayal of a State secret supposed to be known only by the British Ambassador and one of the secretaries. Several women spies are implicated in the action and dénouement of the story, and the private wire which transmits news to the Queen is tapped. It is a romance that quite rivals the older days of mystery and intrigue. It is very cleverly told, yet it quite fails of making us believe in its *dramatis personæ*.

Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspere. By Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph.D. Oliver B. Wood, Worcester, Mass. 5½×9 in. 176 pages. $1.50.

A very carefully worked out monograph, based on a dissertation which was offered for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University, and, which, by reason of the results of thorough historical investigation relating to the stage-history and chronology of the Elizabethan drama, and of its speculations in regard to Shakespeare's relations to some of his contemporaries, is well worth preserving The work is done with scholarly care, and presents many facts which are for the first time brought together in so portable a form. Whether one agrees with Dr. Thorndike's conclusions or not is a matter of small importance compared with the contribution to the knowledge of the Elizabethan drama which this dissertation makes. The definite object of the pamphlet is to prove that, in the writing of the later plays known as the Romances, Shakespeare was deeply affected by the work and spirit of Beaumont and Fletcher, and that "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest" distinctly reflect the influence of the younger dramatists.

Larger Life (The). A Book of the Heart. By Oliver Huckel. John S. Bridges & Co., Baltimore. 5×8 in. 185 pages. $1.25.

Mr. Huckel, pastor of a Congregational church in Baltimore, is certainly a poet, no mere rhyme-maker. He has a poet's insight, a poet's feeling, but his work too often lacks the finish imparted by the file, and the ripening which comes through the lying in the drawer that Horace recommends. Such poems as "Sitting with the Candles" and "The Heritage of Knowledge" are full of promise. But the verse is occasionally too uneven for metrical harmony, and patience in recasting might have prevented some instances of violence to words. One notes a fine lyric in this collection, entitled "Giving," that is worthy of inclusion in future hymnals.

League of Youth (The). Comedy in Five Acts. In the series of Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen. Edited by William Archer. (New and Revised Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7 in. 253 pages. $1.

This play was first presented in 1869, and immediately provoked a violent discussion. Mr. Archer has revised his earlier translation for the purpose of securing a more perfect rendering. He has made a special point of reducing the number of colloquialisms which appeared in the first translation, and omitted, as far as possible, the abbreviations which were so numerous in that translation that they at some points quite disfigured it.

Little Crusaders (The). By Isabel Scott Stone. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 294 pages. $1.

Love of an Uncrowned Queen (The). By W. H. Wilkins. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 5½×8¼ in. 578 pages. $2.

The fate of Sophie Dorothea, mother of the Hanoverian sovereigns of England, seems to have been more wretched than that of their remoter ancestress, Mary of Scotland. Each was the victim of her own errors, but the one obscurely wasted away in perpetual and friendless imprisonment, while the other on her scaffold was acclaimed as a martyr by more than half the world. At length, for the first time, the tragic story of the captive of Ahlden is fully told from documents before unpublished; her fault is exposed in her own letters; the misery it brought upon her through the machinations of her enemies invites the sympathy of the world for one who was greatly sinned against. Mr. Wilkins has made judicious and effective use of the now available material, and the story he relates ranks in interest with the strongest creations of the novelist.

Mag and Margaret. By Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"). Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 407 pages. $1.50.

This story for girls is told with the moral purpose which characterizes all the stories of this popular writer for girls. It deals with two sisters, orphans, who fall into different hands and grow up without any knowledge that they are of kin to one another. One becomes a drudge in a boarding-house, the other is the pet of a wealthy family and scorns her unknown sister. How one falls and the other rises is depicted in the author's characteristic manner. The story is pleasing, though it will hardly succeed in convincing sophisticated readers.

Medico-Legal Manual (A). By William W. Keysor. The Burkley Printing Co., Omaha, Neb. 5¼×7¾ in. 316 pages.

Masters of Men. By Morgan Robertson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 335 pages. $1.50.

A plain, blunt, rather vigorous sea-story, describing the rough but effective training of an undisciplined boy from a country town into an efficient sailor and naval officer. The school life of the hero, which is largely filled up with fighting, is described with a good deal of vigor; and his experience as a victim of the infamous practice of "shanghaing" is told, apparently, from first-hand knowledge. The book has a certain crude force.

Mr. W. H. Edwards' "Shaksper Not Shakespeare." By R. L. Ashhurst. Read before the Shakspere Society of Philadelphia, January 23, 1901. Published by the Society, Philadelphia. 5½×9 in. 53 pages.

This is an admirable survey, within the limits of a pamphlet, of the general Shakespearean question, with special reference to Mr. W. H. Edwards's discussion of the matter in his "Shaksper Not Shakespeare." It was hardly worth while for Mr. Ashhurst to go over that ground again, but it has furnished him the occasion for a very intelligent and valuable résumé of a good many significant facts about Shakespeare.

Pastoral of Dorset. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 316 pages. $1.50.

A volume made up of eleven short stories. A few of their titles may serve to show their character—"Shepherd Robbins," "Private Griggs," "The Only Soldier," "A Rustic Argus," "Johnny at Shronton Fair," etc. They are studies of local scenes and characters based upon more or less dramatic action, and mainly within humble life. They are very well told, and the literary quality is good.

Pinturicchio. By Evelyn March Phillipps. Illustrated. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture Series.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 170 pages. $1.75.

Siena forges to the front this year. Some weeks ago we had the biography of a noted Sienese in Countess Priuli-Bon's "Sodoma;" now as admirable an appreciation of another celebrated Sienese painter appears. Readers of such books as Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in Italy," or Mr. Berenson's more recently published "Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance," will have been moved to look for biographies, not only of the great, but of the lesser artists. Pinturicchio is one of the interesting minor painters about whom little is known. It is true that we have Herr Steinmann's monograph in the admirable Knackfuss series, but we have even a greater help in the present volume. It is also a contribution to the better understanding of a particular period of Papal history.

Poems. By William Vaughn Moody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 106 pages. $1.25.

One of the most promising collections of poetry which has appeared in this country for a long time past. The Outlook has repeatedly commented on the strength and originality, the power of passion and the vital imagination of Mr. Moody; these qualities are at their best in this volume, which contains four or five pieces distinctly above the high-water mark of recent verse in this country or in England, with possibly the sole exception of Mr. Stephen Phillips's output. Further attention will be given to this book at an early date.

Potter and the Clay (The). By Maud Howard Peterson. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 348 pages. $1.50.

This title taken from Omar Khayyám serves in a measure to indicate that Miss Peterson essays to handle a serious subject. Her story is really strong and tragic. The plot is too lengthy and complicated to be outlined here, and has the merit of being rather unexpected in the manner of working out. It is a story of character and character contrasts, with dramatic love scenes. The ethical intention of the author is sound and clean, and she succeeds above the average in the execution. It is a story quite somber in parts. The scenes are laid mainly in Scotland.

Proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its Meeting in Chicago, February 26, 27, and 28, 1901. Published by the Association. 6×9¼ in. 169 pages.

Social Problem (The): Life and Work. By J. A. Hobson. James Pott & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 295 pages. $2.

This is the strongest socialistic work that has appeared in recent years. In it the facts of common life are reviewed by a master conscience, whose judgments have often irresistible weight with our own. The first part of the volume, criticising the insufficiency of the old political economy, is by no means the best, though in it are many things showing great critical acumen. Where Mr. Hobson is at his best is when he turns to the consideration of the natural rights upon which healthful social relations must rest. He fully appreciates the grounds which have led thinkers to taboo the term "natural rights," but he points out clearly the sense in which certain basic rights should be spoken of as natural. When he treats of the natural rights of individual property, he begins by recognizing the force of the conventional objection to charity, that it demoralizes people to receive material gifts for which they have not labored; but immediately he turns this principle upon the classes which especially urge it, and asks what are the consequences of their receipt of material gifts for which they have not labored. He does not push this point beyond the bounds of reason, and admits the extent to which children may be helped and not injured by provision for their independence; but he does not admit that provision for their idleness or luxury can have any other effect upon them than provision for idleness even without luxury certainly has upon the poor. Only when he turns to the inadequacy of individualist solutions of social problems does he fall below the high moral level which the rest of his book maintains. Here his desire to show the necessity of a social revolution leads him to minimize what individuals can accomplish through self-sacrifice under the present order, and his argument would practically allow socialists of easy conscience to get the most they could out of society, deferring their self-sacrifice to the day when all men simultaneously adopt the new order. One sentence of Tolstoï on this question is worth more than all of Mr. Hobson's pages. Yet the last word of this review should not be critical, and we close with an illustration of the suggestiveness of Mr. Hobson's thought even along lines which economists rarely think of pursuing:

> A leisured class, enjoying securely a high level of material comfort derived from the labor of others, is normally

disabled from "great" work. This is particularly the case in literature, not merely from the lack of broader sympathies which it involves, but for another reason directly related to the material of the literary craft. With how loose and impotent a grasp most of the common words of a language relating to material objects and physical actions are held by the minds of people educated too exclusively on books and talk, is never adequately recognized. . . . People, educated in the literary sense, often conceal the defective realization of the words they use, even from themselves; but the defect is there. As most people bred in towns remain through life with a most shadowy grasp of the meaning of the commonest words relating to country life which they habitually use, so people with no direct experience in manual work have no vital or real understanding of a large proportion of their language. The peasant or the mechanic, with a far smaller vocabulary, has an incomparably more powerful grasp of his words. Until we understand the difference between a strong and a weak grasp of words and the indispensable conditions of the former, we shall remain the dupes of literary charlatans. In the nature of things no great body of literature, no great body of poetry, "simple, sensuous, and impassioned," can arise from a leisured class severed from direct contact with the working life of the community.

Some Records of the Later Life of Harriet, Countess Granville. By her Granddaughter, Susan H. Oldfield. With Portraits. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 286 pages. $5.

The correspondence of Countess Granville was published some years ago, and is an extremely interesting collection of letters covering the period of her married life. After the death of Lord Granville the Countess lived in retirement. This volume is the story of those later years, and presents one of the most attractive and beautiful characters among modern English women. The story is not told with any great skill, but the record is simple, direct, and unaffected, and is entirely in keeping with the character and the life portrayed and described.

Story of Sarah (The). By M. Louise Forsslund (M. Louise Foster). Brentano's, New York. 5×8 in. 433 pages. $1.50.

Summer and all-year-round dwellers on Long Island will probably welcome this story, the scene of which is located in a Long Island seaport town. It is a quaintly realistic tale, though of uneven workmanship. Condensation might have added to its effectiveness. Sarah, though the heroine, is the most backboneless and disappointing of all the characters—our use of the superlative means that there are also other characters in the story which approach an invertebrate stage. The haps and mishaps of a certain Dutch family, however, are engagingly related, and constitute the chief merit of the novel.

Sunday-School Movements in America. By Marianna C. Brown. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 269 pages. $1.25.

The claim which this subject makes on the best thought of our time is indicated by the fact that this study of it was presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements at Columbia University for the degree of Ph.D. Miss Brown's treatment of it is necessarily historical, with a view to the conclusions required by the facts, and the betterments demanded by existing conditions. Of the urgency of such betterments there is no question, and the hope of them is found in the earnestness of the present effort for them. Miss Brown's criticisms of present methods largely justify themselves. The point of general weakness in Sunday-school work is the lack of suitably qualified teachers, and the great need is for the churches to lay this as seriously to heart as the need of a trained ministry for the pulpit. Among the valuable features of this book are its statistical appendices and bibliography.

Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. Introduction by General Lew Wallace. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 588 pages. $1.40.

This glowing romance, originally published in 1827, a religio-historical work of the "Ben-Hur" type, and pronounced by the author of that popular story to be one of the six greatest English novels, has been issued in new and elegant form, with annotations and supplementary matter concerning the coming of Christ, and Jewish opinions of Christ. The title is taken from the words with which Jesus, sentenced to the cross, is represented as dooming the leader of the Jewish mob to the miserable undying life of the "Wandering Jew."

Tower of Wye (The). By William Henry Babcock. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 330 pages. $1.50.

In the spirit of haze and marvel, and even magic, which characterized the first comers to the Western world, Mr. Babcock's "Tower of Wye" first describes the voyage to America in those distant days. This is followed by a graphic description of Maryland life, more particularly of the quarrels between Lord Baltimore's men and Secretary Claiborne's new colony on Kent Island in Chesapeake Bay, a colony which Richard Smith (an especially well drawn character) and Ratcliffe Warren were sent out to found.

Transfiguration of Miss Philura (The). By Florence Morse Kingsley. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4×6 in. 81 pages. 60c.

Valencia's Garden. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 303 pages. $1.50.

Depicts the life of a young girl married to an aged man strained in circumstances and overweeningly proud of title and lineage. The setting and characters are French. The situation of the heroine, surrounded by aged people who continually restrict her, draws on the reader's sympathy. The events are all of a sort that have done duty many times before in fiction, yet the interest is kept alive by movement and a vivacious style.

With the Wild Flowers: From Pussy-willow to Thistle-down. By Maud Going (E. M. Hardinge). (Revised Edition.) The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 271 pages. $1.

In this revision of a capital book some minor changes have been made, bringing the author's statements of seven years ago into harmony with what is known to-day regarding the details of plant structure and life. Some of the original line drawings have been replaced by excellent photographs. The flowers are described under their familiar English names, but, perhaps to save the feelings of botanists, the author sometimes adds the Latin Impatiens Fulva to "Touch-me-not" and Campanula Rotundifolia to "Harebell."

Correspondence

The Albany Strike: Official Statements

I.—THE COMPANY'S SIDE

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your editorial on "The Albany Car Strike," on page 137 of your issue of May 18, 1901, you state that the strike "seems to have grown out of two demands on the part of the men: first, that their union be recognized and their officers treated with, and, second, that non-union employees be discharged."

The fact is that the United Traction Company never refused to recognize the union. As a matter of fact, it has recognized it since its formation by treating with its officers and committees, and all the negotiations prior to the strike were conducted through its officers.

On the 16th of March twelve demands were made, all of which were disposed of with the exception of those known as two, four, and seven. *Two* provided that the Company should not permit any person to act as conductor or motorman who was not a member of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America, and in case of expulsion of any of its members by said Association, the Company was to dismiss from its service such expelled member or members. *Four* provided that the wages of all conductors and motormen should be twenty cents an hour; and *seven*, that no employee should be dismissed upon the unsupported evidence of one inspector. Two and seven were peremptorily refused, and arbitration on demand four was suggested.

On the 4th day of May the Association sent a communication, of which the following is a copy, to our Executive Committee:

> Albany Division 148, Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America,
> Albany, N. Y., May 3, 1901.
>
> *To the General Manager of United Traction Company:*
>
> Sir—At a special meeting held on the above date we have resolved to refuse to work with the following men on and after May 7, 1901, unless they become members of Division 148, Street Railway Employees Association, of which a special meeting will be held at Hibernian Hall (450 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.) on Monday evening, May 6, 1901.
>
> [Here follow the names of the men.]
>
> Respectfully yours,
> EX. COMMITTEE.

This demand was refused, and on the night of the 6th the President of the Albany Division of the Association notified the General Manager of the United Traction Company that unless demands two and four were granted, the men would quit work the next morning. These demands having been refused by the Executive Committee, the General Manager was without power to treat on the subject. The result was that the men quit work on the morning of the 7th.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the question of recognizing the union was not at issue.

The Memorandum of Agreement signed by the Company and the Association on the settlement of the difficulties contains these clauses:

> *First.* The United Traction Company will continue to recognize and treat with any committee of its employees representing organized or unorganized labor when they desire to be heard in relation to any grievance.
>
> *Seventh.* The right which already exists is hereby confirmed; namely, the party of the first part (United Traction Company) is free to employ union or non-union men and to discharge them for cause.

The men whose discharge was demanded remain in the Company's employ under the terms of this agreement.

You will observe, therefore, from the facts above set forth, that the principle for which we were contending was that of being permitted to hire union or non-union men, and to discharge them for cause, and to discharge them when we were morally certain that they were unfaithful servants.

II.—THE STRIKERS' SIDE

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some differences between the Company and its employees arose on the 16th day of March, 1901, some of which were considered of trivial importance, and others were regarded by the men to be of vital importance to their welfare.

Those considered of vital importance are as follows:

First: The wages of motormen, conductors, and linemen shall be uniform, and the rate twenty cents per hour.

Second: The Company shall treat with

the Albany and Troy Associations through their duly accredited officers.

Third: The men refuse to continue work with ten objectionable men.

The management of the road agreed to comply with every other demand of the Associations except those above mentioned, and the men believed it possible that an adjustment could be amicably arranged regarding the three demands within a reasonable time, when, on the 6th day of May, 1901, the President of the Albany Association was called from his car by an officer of the Company and informed that no agreement would be made with his Association, and if the men insisted upon an agreement concerning its demands, to "go on and fight." That evening the Albany and Troy Associations, their interests being mutual, decided to "go on and fight," and forthwith ordered a strike, and on the 7th day of May, 1901, the Company's lines in five cities were "tied up."

Regarding the second demand, the men, from the fact that they are employees, are compelled to recognize the Company through its duly accredited officers, and accord it all the respect that the relation of master and servant demands. This being the obligation due from the men to the Company, then by no line of just reasoning can it be said that employees should not be accorded the same advantage and privilege.

The third statement of the men above mentioned was called forth by the following state of facts, viz.:

Three or four of the Company's old employees who had never joined the Associations and who had begun a campaign of proselytism of new employees from "unionism," under promises, it is said, of the Company's favor, had recently increased their number to ten, who, it is claimed by the members of the Associations, were in such favor with the Company's officers engaged in the management of the road as to be endangering, ultimately, the very existence of the Associations.

When the strike occurred, the Company shrewdly and cunningly, and knowing the opinion of many of the so-called thinking men of our State, who do not "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow," ignored the first two demands above mentioned, and called the attention of the public to the third statement or demand, claiming through the public press that the Associations were conspiring against the ten non-union men.

The Associations believed that, having the same rights as individuals, they could say they would refuse to work with certain specified men who were inimical to their interests, and leave the Company to solve the problem as to what disposition would be made of the ten men.

It may be said by some that, under the decisions of the courts of this State, but a narrow line can be drawn between this state of affairs and a violation of the laws of New York regarding conspiracy.

Under the circumstances the members of the Associations believed that it was a matter of conspiracy on the part of the Company and the ten non-union men against their Associations.

How ten men could possibly endanger an organization numbering four hundred men (referring to the Albany Division) was a question asked of one of the strikers at a conference with the Company's directors, and was well answered by the striker when he referred the director asking the question to significant and well-known illustrations in the history of our own country where *one* man endangered the existence of the whole nation.

The strike is now settled. The Company has conceded the first two demands of the men above set forth, as well as all demands referred to as trivial, by an agreement in writing.

The seventh clause of the agreement is:

"Seventh. The right which already exists is hereby confirmed, viz., The party of the first part is free to employ union or non-union men, and to discharge them for cause."

If it appears to any one that this provision seems to be an admission that the men endeavored to question the right confirmed, an error is committed.

The question presented by the men was whether the Company would take the initiative in the solution of the question regarding the spirit of proselytism manifested by the ten non-union men and the officers of the Company, and the result of the strike on that point is that the men will solve it themselves by any lawful means which they may devise.

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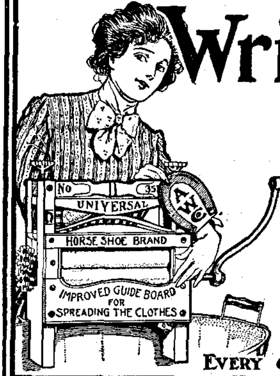
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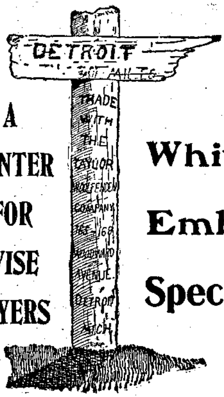
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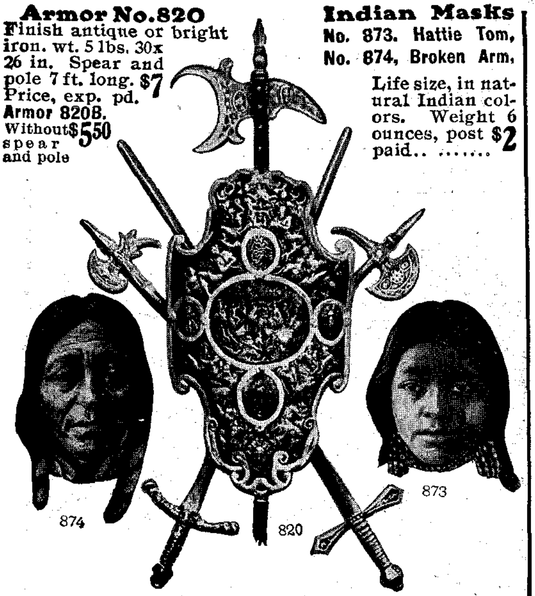

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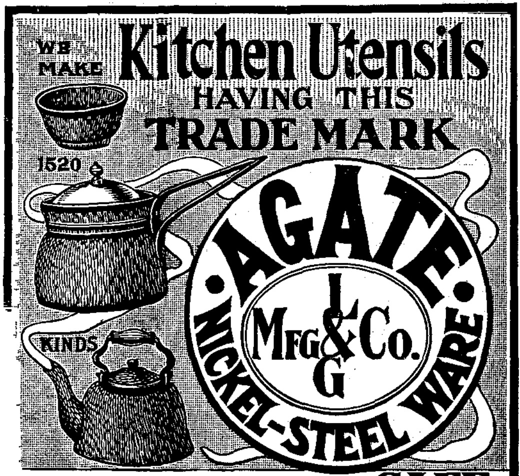

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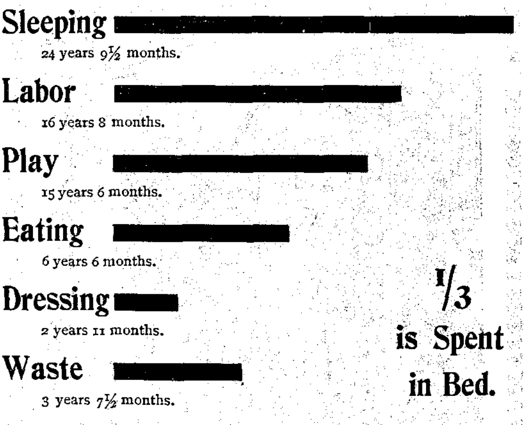

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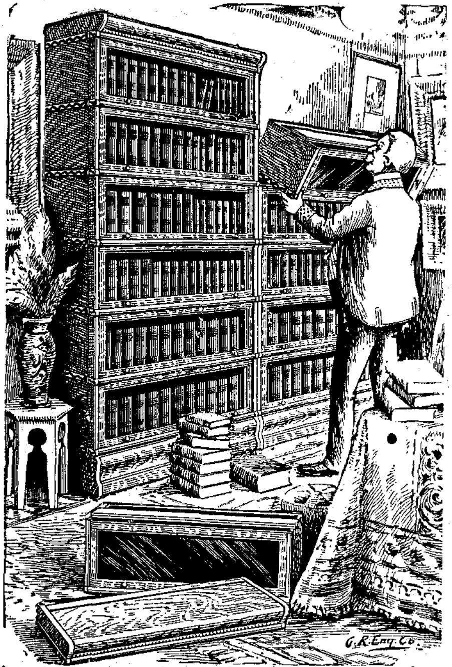

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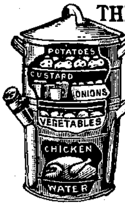

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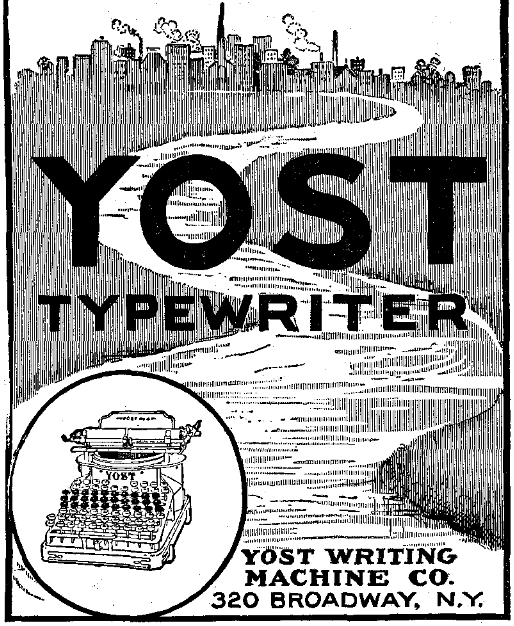

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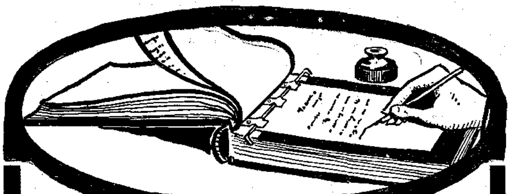

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